



THE CROSS

SIXPENCE

VOL. 50 NO. 3

JULY, 1959



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MI-WADI

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Imprimi Potest:

JOANNES CAROLUS,
Archiep. Dublinen.

the cross

published monthly by the
PASSIONIST FATHERS

Address: Office of THE CROSS,
Mount Argus, Dublin.

Telephones: Dublin 91469 and 91165.

The contents of THE CROSS are
strictly copyright. The Editor
welcomes original MSS., which should
be typewritten.

All business communications should
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES (payable in advance)

ONE YEAR (post free)	-	8/6
TWO YEARS	„	16/-
FIVE YEARS	„	40/-

EDITOR'S PAGE

MATTER OF CHOICE?

IT is no longer a matter of choice for Catholics to read Catholic newspapers, periodicals and magazines; it is a matter of obligation. This is nothing new, of course. In fact it is just the sort of thing you expect to find on the editorial page of a religious magazine, which, after all, must occasionally blow its own trumpet. A discreet measure of 'sales-talk' is always in order.

The point is, however, that in this instance we are not indulging in mere 'sales-talk.' The lines printed above in bold lettering were penned by Most Rev. A. R. Zuroweste, Bishop of Belleville, Illinois, U.S.A. His Lordship was appointed by the entire Hierarchy of the U.S. to report on and oversee that great network which is the American Catholic press. He was—and is—in a position to make an authoritative statement and to be fully conscious of its implications. The reasons behind his declaration are many. During the past twelve months the world press gave immense coverage to outstanding Catholic events, such as the death of one Pope, the election of another and the appointment of new Cardinals. But accurate reporting is not enough to secure a well informed Catholic public opinion, for, as Bishop Zuroweste pointed out, "historical background, interpretation, explanation of the Church's dogmatic and moral teachings are essential for complete news reporting. This is within the scope of the Catholic press."

BUT not only in this field are Catholic newspapers and magazines the necessary complement of the secular press. Many of our problems—from Health Acts to Vocational Education, from Labour difficulties to emigration—are not *purely* secular problems: they have religious and moral aspects, and the Catholic layman is involved in these problems whether he likes it or not. Indeed he cannot avoid having opinions on such issues because they face him in the daily papers, in news magazines, in radio and TV programmes. If his thinking is directed from these sources alone, there is every likelihood that he will absorb ideas quite at variance with sound Catholic belief and practice. One can so easily lose sight of the fact that religion is more than morning and night prayers, more than Sunday Mass and fish on Friday. It must colour our day-to-day thinking, our acting, our living—yes, and our dying.

Not many weeks ago, the British press ventilated the Rev. Dr. Leslie Weatherhead's views on euthanasia. The Methodist Minister advocated legislation which would ensure that "a patient suffering agonies of useless pain from an incurable disease could slip away in peace and dignity with the help of a Government-appointed, medically qualified referee." Apart from the wilful killing of the patient here recommended, there is the appalling use of the phrase, 'useless pain.' Why have we objected to the word, 'useless,' in this context? The answer must be obvious to every well informed Catholic. Is it obvious to you? You see, there is a very definite thing called the Catholic approach, and such an approach is impossible without steady contact with Christian thought, without the application of Christian principles to the realities of living and dying. But how can a Catholic establish and preserve this contact? Surely not without an amount of Catholic reading. "To be secularly literate and religious illiterate," says Dr. Frank Sheed, "produces an unbalance within the man. He finds himself with two eyes which do not focus—a strong eye which sees life as the world sees it, a weak eye which sees life as Faith declares it to be. The temptation is overwhelming to close one eye, the weak eye naturally."

FATHER DERMOT, C.P.

INDULGENCES : WHAT ARE THEY ?

His answer will give you
new light on an old subject

*"When your money into the coffer rings,
The soul from purgatory to heav'n springs."*

FOUR hundred years ago, this little jingle expressed a popular misconception about indulgences. Catholics were supposed to believe that all they had to do was to pay their money and dear departed Aunt Minnie was on her way to heaven. Sounds ridiculous, but how many non-Catholics still believe this to be the meaning of indulgences! For that matter, how many Catholics have very strange and incorrect notions about indulgences!

It is true that the doctrine of indulgence^s is not one of the great central doctrines of the Catholic Faith, such as the Trinity, the Redemption or the Incarnation. Yet it is important because it is interwoven with the whole of Catholic devotional life.

There is scarcely a prayer, devotion, medal or religious article that is not "indulged." The last thing the priest does in tending the dying is bestow an indulgence. And they can even reach beyond the grave. Through indulgences we can come to the aid of the souls in purgatory. The importance of indulgences certainly merits a clear understanding of what they are.

THIS understanding must begin with our concept of justice. You have probably seen the symbol of justice—the statue of a woman blindfolded, holding a sword and a scales. The scales symbolizes the equality of justice, the balance between the rights of the individual and those of society. A crime upsets this balance. Thus the thief violates the rights of both the individual and society. Even if he returns what he stole, the thief still owes a

"debt to society." He pays this debt by being punished. The graver the crime, the greater the debt and the longer the punishment. By this punishment, the balance of justice is restored.

Human justice is the reflection of the divine. Like the criminal the sinner has upset the balance of justice. He owes a debt, not to society, but to God, the source of all justice. The graver the sin, the greater the debt. Here a problem arises. One mortal sin is an infinite offense against divine justice. The creature has willfully offended the Creator. Not even an eternity in hell can right the balance of justice. We cannot pay the debt resulting from a single mortal sin.

WE cannot pay the debt, but Someone else can. That Someone is Jesus Christ and He paid our debt by dying upon the Cross. Because He was God, Christ's sacrifice was of infinite value. Because He was man, Our Lord was able to offer this sacrifice to God for the sins of all men. It is as if Christ were a rich man who gives us the money to pay our debts and thus stay out of jail. Of course, we cannot use the merits of Christ's sacrifice to pay our debts unless we are first sorry for our sins.

But should we get off "scot-free"? After all, we sinned, not Christ. Even though Our Lord has paid our infinite debt to God, justice would seem to demand that we be punished for our sins in some way. Thus, having escaped the *eternal* punishment due to sin through the merits of Christ, we must still undergo a *temporal punishment*. This limited debt to divine justice remains after our sins have been forgiven.

This debt of temporal punishment due to sin will be marked "paid-in-full" when we leave purgatory. But we need not wait until then to begin paying this debt to divine justice. The penance (punishment) we receive in confession is a partial payment. Very important, however, is the part played by our good works lessening our temporal punishment. This might be called "time off for good behaviour."

Whenever you do a good deed, not just helping an old lady across the street, but any act of charity, or justice or temperance, you benefit in two ways. First, you increase the amount of sanctifying grace in your soul. **Second**, the good deed has a certain "satisfactory value," that is, a value that can be applied to the debt of temporal punishment owed to God.

Incidentally, your good works cannot merit any increase in sanctifying grace or have any satisfactory value unless they are performed while you are in the *state of grace*—a good thing to remember.

THE satisfactory value of our good works has one additional advantage—you can give it away. Just as Christ gives you His merits to pay your infinite debt, you can apply the satisfactory value of your good works to someone else's temporal punishment. I say that this is an advantage because we have here the key to the doctrine of indulgences.

If we were totally dependent upon penance and our own good works, most of us would end up "in the red." We would still have a big debt of temporal punishment to pay in purgatory. The saints, on the other hand, had no difficulty paying their debt. The satisfactory value of their good works was more than sufficient. Nor was the satisfactory value of Christ's sacrifice exhausted in paying the infinite debt due to our sins. All this "left over" satisfactory value has not been lost. It forms what is called the "Treasury of the Church."

The Church can draw from her treasury the satisfactory value of the good works of Christ and the saints. She can apply this satisfactory value to our debt of temporal punishment. The Church does this by means of indulgences. Through indulgences, we are able to benefit from the accumulated riches of Christ and all the saints.

An indulgence is defined as the remission of the debt of temporal punishment due to sin the guilt of which has been forgiven. This is how it works. An indulgence is always attached to some good work: a prayer, a visit to a shrine, the wearing of a medal. This good work has its own proper satisfactory value, but to this value the Church adds a "bonus." She increases the satisfactory value of the good work so that it can make an even larger payment on our debt of temporal punishment. The Church draws this "bonus" from her treasury.

FROM her earliest days, the Church has used the merits of Christ and the saints to help the less fortunate. However, indulgences in their present form date from the early medieval period. As the world emerged from the chaos of the Dark Ages, the Church was met with grave responsibilities. Churches and monasteries had to be built. The poor, the sick and

the aged had to be cared for. At the same time, the Christians of Europe were trying to free the Holy Land from Moslem rule. This was the time of the Crusades.

To encourage her children to take part in these good works, the Church introduced indulgences in the form we know them today. The Church granted a "bonus" to the men and women who helped build the churches and monasteries and cared for the sick, poor and aged. Similar encouragement was given to the Crusaders. The good works were given an additional value in making payment on the debt to divine justice.

In a time when penances were very severe (100 days in sackcloth and ashes, for example), such indulgences had wide appeal. They were very helpful in promoting good works. The care of the needy, for instance, was remarkable in this period, even by modern standards. There were abuses, but these were minor, so long as indulgences were given only to those who actually took part in the good work.

IN the Middle Ages, the Church still uses indulgences to encourage good works, though now the encouragement is usually confined to prayers and various devotions. The amount of "bonus value" that is attached to the prayer or devotion will vary. This variation is indicated by the "100 days," "seven years," "plenary," etc. All of which brings up the question, "What is the value of an indulgence?"

As there are no days (or nights) in purgatory, an indulgence of a 100 days cannot mean 100 days less in purgatory. What the Church is actually indicating is the *relative* value of the indulgence, i.e., a 100 days' indulgence has twice the value of 50 days and half that of 200 days. The Church does not indicate the *absolute* or actual value, because she cannot. Only God knows the actual value of an indulgence.

An indulgence is like a light bulb. The bigger the light bulb, the brighter it *can* burn. What determines the actual brightness is not the size of the bulb, but the strength of the current flowing through the bulb. The greater the current, the brighter the light. What determines the actual value of an indulgence is not so much the relative value as the fervour with which the prayer or devotion is performed.

For an example, let us take a *plenary* indulgence attached to the Stations of the Cross. This indulgence can make full payment for all our temporal punishment. That is the *relative* value. Its actual value depends upon our fervour in making the Stations of the Cross. Our fervour—our love for God ultimately—determines the value of our indulgences.

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PASSIONIST PROVINCIAL CHAPTER

Province of St. Patrick

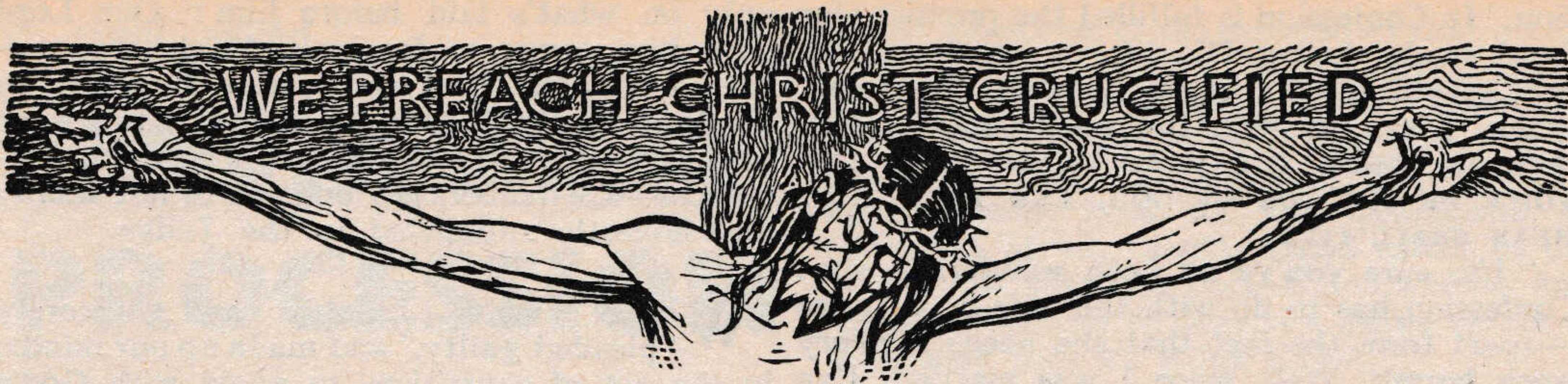


The Capitular Fathers who attended the eleventh Provincial Chapter of our Province held under the presidency of the Most Rev. Father Malcolm, C.P., Superior-General, SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Rome, at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin. The newly elected Father Provincial is seated second from left.

RESULTS OF ELECTIONS

PROVINCIAL	V. Rev. Fr. Fergus, C.P.
FIRST PROVINCIAL CONSULTOR	V. Rev. Fr. Valentine, C.P.
SECOND PROVINCIAL CONSULTOR	V. Rev. Fr. Dermot, C.P.
RECTORS :						
St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin	V. Rev. Fr. Finian, C.P.
St. Mungo's Retreat, Glasgow	V. Rev. Fr. John Mary, C.P.
Holy Cross Retreat, Ardoyne, Belfast	V. Rev. Fr. Paul Mary, C.P.
St. Gabriel's Retreat, The Graan, Enniskillen	V. Rev. Fr. Anselm, C.P.
St. Mary's Retreat, Drum-mohr, Mulletburgh	V. Rev. Fr. Fabian, C.P.
St. Joseph's Retreat, Collooney, Co. Sligo	V. Rev. Fr. Salvian, C.P.
St. Michael's Retreat, Dankeith, Kilmarnock	V. Rev. Fr. Theophane, C.P.
MASTER OF NOVICES	V. Rev. Fr. Bernard, C.P.

Appointments made subsequent to the Provincial Chapter will appear in a later issue.



FORUM OF THE PASSION—CONDUCTED BY FR. CYRIL, C.P.

ON PLEADING GUILTY

YOU were all so enthusiastic about our Forum discussions on Baptism and Confirmation, that I decided to choose another of the Sacraments as the subject for tonight's meeting." In a crowded classroom of the National School in Greenvale, Fr. Joachim was addressing the members of the fourth meeting of the Passion Forum. Turning to the middle-aged lady who sat on his right, he continued: "Mrs. Winterton is first speaker tonight, and she's going to say a few words now about Confession."

Mrs. Winterton became at once the centre of attention. She was well dressed but with no sign of display or ostentation. All the parishioners knew her as the wife of Judge Winterton who lived in the big house outside the village. But those who had grown up in Greenvale could have told you more about her. She was one of the mainstays in the life of the parish: ready and generous in helping the poor, an active member of the altar society which looked after linens and vestments in the parish church, quietly but enthusiastically helpful in organizing bazaars and social gatherings. At the same time her home was never allowed to suffer on account of her works of charity: her children were well cared for and carefully trained.

Mrs. Winterton smiled as she rose. "I may as well admit for a start that I was almost tricked into speaking tonight," she said. "When Fr. Joachim approached me about it, I began to make all kinds of excuses, but he managed to arouse my curiosity by saying that he could think of no one more suitable to speak about this evening's subject than the wife of a Judge. That made me ask about the subject, one question led to another and I ended by agreeing to be first speaker."

"Where does Confession fit into God's plans to help us grow up into living images of His Son? You all know that a growing boy

or girl can easily catch sickness. And you know how important it is to treat that sickness at the very beginning. A bad cold that's neglected can lead to pneumonia and other diseases that may even be fatal. Well having given us a spark of His own Son's divine life in Baptism, and having helped us to grow up into living images of His Son in Confirmation, God foresaw the danger of disease attacking that life of His Son in our souls. For sin is nothing more or less than a disease of the soul, threatening or even destroying the life that was planted there at Baptism and strengthened in Confirmation. Fully accepted deliberate venial sin in the soul is like those minor ailments in the body that we're all accustomed to—'flu or a heavy cold. Venial sin threatens the life of Christ in our souls, but doesn't destroy us. We're still living images of God's Son, but **DISFIGURED IMAGES**. Serious sin, mortal sin, on the other hand is **DEATH-DEALING**: it utterly destroys the share in Christ's life that we received in Baptism and Confirmation; it effaces His image from our souls; and when God looks down on us after it we're no longer recognisable as His adopted children, as younger brothers and sisters of Christ.

IN His Goodness and Mercy, knowing so well the weakness of human nature, God has provided a remedy and cure for both of these kinds of disease. That remedy is Confession, the Sacrament of Penance. When we bring to it our venial faults and failings, then we stop the sin-disease in its tracks before it can do us further harm. But even if we have fallen into mortal sin, no matter how often or how grievously; even if we have strangled and destroyed the life of Christ within us; God's remedy can do for our souls what no earthly medicine can do for our bodies—it can bring us back to life again, it can raise us up from the dead, it can make us once more God's well-beloved children and living images of His

Son. In Confession is fulfilled the promise Our Lord made during His life on earth: 'The Son giveth life to whom he will . . . Amen, amen, I say to you, the hour cometh, AND NOW IS, WHEN THE DEAD SHALL HEAR THE VOICE OF THE SON OF GOD, AND THEY THAT HEAR SHALL LIVE.'

"I'm sure you've all been wondering what Confession has to do with the wife of a Judge—apart from the fact that she needs it every week herself. Well, since I was married, I've been living in an atmosphere of law courts and listening to talk about trials and witnesses and appeals. And Confession in the life of the Church is really a kind of PRIVATE TRIAL. I hadn't thought about it that way before, but I can see it very clearly now. How simple and yet how expressive are the seven signs of grace that Our Lord has left us in His seven great Sacraments. With WATER in Baptism He washes us from original sin; with OIL and BALM He strengthens us and makes us apostles in Confirmation; and now in Confession, after a short, simple TRIAL, He passes judgment on us and restores our good name.

"EVERY priest as he sits in the Confessional is a JUDGE acting in Our Lord's name and with His authority. He receives the power to do this from the Bishop at his Ordination: the Bishop himself received the power from the Apostles to whom Our Lord said: 'As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. . . . Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.' At one time or another you may have asked a visiting priest to hear your Confession and he may have told you he hadn't 'faculties.' What he meant was that he hadn't seen the Bishop and received authority to hear Confessions in the diocese. That brings home still more clearly the fact that Confession is a kind of trial: even after his Ordination, a priest must be recognised by the Bishop of the place as a kind of District Judge, before he can begin to hear Confessions.

"Of course in the private trial that's held in Confession, there aren't all the complications and delays that arise in civil courts. There are no lawyers, no barristers, no witnesses: the accused—the sinners kneeling before Christ's Judge, the priest—witness against themselves. They plead 'guilty' and bring before the judge all the evidence against themselves that they can honestly remember. That's why the examination of conscience is so important; that's why it's well to do it briefly every night at your night prayers; and that's what makes weekly or monthly Confession so much easier than infrequent Confession—there's so much less to remember. In Confession, Christ's Judge can pass sentence

only on what's laid before him: Our Lord gave him power to forgive only the sins presented to him. The whole trial becomes an insult to God's Goodness and Mercy if serious evidence—mortal sins or important circumstances—are deliberately omitted or not simply and honestly submitted to the Judge.

"WHEN we've humbly and sincerely 'pleaded guilty,' and made up our minds, in the act of contrition, to avoid with God's help the death-germs that have attacked the life of His Son in our souls, the Confessor PASSES SENTENCE on us. And here again it's all very different from civil trials. Because if we're serious and in earnest about being sorry for having offended God and really determined to amend our lives—and that doesn't mean breaking into tears or even FEELING anything—then the Judge NEVER CONDEMNES but ALWAYS PARDONS. Here are the very words he uses when he's passing sentence on us: 'May Our Lord Jesus Christ absolve thee, and I by His authority absolve thee from every bond of excommunication and interdict in so far as I can and as thou needest it; and so I ABSOLVE THEE FROM THY SINS, IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST. Amen. May the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the merits of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, whatever good thou hast done and whatever evil thou hast borne, be for thee unto the remission of sins, the increase of grace, and the reward of everlasting life. Amen.'

"This sentence of the priest in Confession is passed with Our Lord's authority and He will never question it when we stand before His Judgment Seat on the Last Day to render an account of our lives. The priest's words are as powerful to bring the Saviour's life into our souls as the words which He used Himself when He walked the roads of Palestine twenty centuries ago seeking out and forgiving sinners: 'Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee.' 'Go, and now sin no more.' 'Her many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much.' 'Thy sins are forgiven thee. . . . Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'

"ALONG with the sentence of pardon, of course, there's a kind of 'hard labour' sentence in every Confession. It helps to balance the temporal punishment which we must make up here or in Purgatory. For in every sin there's an element of unrestrained, wilful self-seeking that has to be atoned for by sufferings and prayers and good works and indulgences in this life or by soul-purging flames after our death. To help us escape Purgatory, or to shorten at least the time we have to spend there, Our Lord has included a sentence of penance in His Sacrament of

Continued on page 74

A child asked :

“WHAT’S A PROCESSION FOR?”

In his own whimsical way
PATRICK FAHY deals with
the question

A FACT that became impressed upon my mind at a very early stage of my processional career was that one must not only be properly disposed as to the spirit but also properly accoutred as to the body. By far the most important sartorial equipment was The Sash. In my case it was green, because my school was under the patronage of St. Patrick, but that was only the start of it. Very few mothers considered that a plain green sash worn over a well-pressed Confirmation suit did full justice either to the occasion or to their impatient offspring, and the sashes were prettified in many ingenious ways.

Some had vari-coloured rosettes sewn on, others were embroidered with the Image of the Sacred Heart or with various devout mottoes and the most spectacular were finished off at the ends with fringes of gold thread. Any male reader who was ever a schoolboy will understand me when I say that these glorious productions were regarded with a mixture of pride and horror by their wearers. Pride, because of the faintly swashbuckling air it gave them, and a shrinking horror at the thought of the jibes that would inevitably be thrown out by the less gorgeously appalled.

NEEDESS to say, this was not the case with their sisters, and here there was no check on maternal ambition. On the contrary, she was urged to fresh endeavours and the results were magnificent. White satin frock, white handbag, wreath and veil, white socks and “button” shoes and a silver basket piled with fresh rose petals—impossible to believe that this was the same chattering hoyden that had been the bane of most of your life. The only possible reaction of any normal boy was to stick both hands deeply into his pockets and whistle loudly to show he was not impressed.

It had something of the same effect that occurs when you take your first girl to your first dance. You find it incredible that this dazzling vision—who has lived round the corner from you all her life—is made of flesh and blood. Only, unfortunately, it is not very practicable at this stage of your sophisticated career to dig your hands into your pockets and whistle, and the best that can be done is a gentle easing of the collar with an index finger.



Black or white—does it matter, when a child kneels in adoration ?

Our annual Procession was—and is—a very long one, starting and ending with Benediction at both ends of a route more than two miles long. This pleased everybody because it meant that you could go through your full repertoire of hymns—and if you were fortunate to have your station near any of the several bands that accompanied the Procession—with orchestral accompaniment, though that could sometimes be a cause of grievance too.

WHEN the band in front struck up, the Brother in charge would decide it was time for another round of the Rosary or worse still would decide that we should now sing “Faith of our Fathers.” But these were only minor irritations and we soon forgot them in the thrill of walking in The Procession.

We nearly always had glorious weather, and one of the smaller joys was bursting the hot bubbles of tar that rose on the macadamised roads with your new sandals. All the houses and streets along the route were decorated—and still are—with fluttering bunting and banners bearing inscriptions such as “Christ Our King” or “A Bhanrioghan Beannaithe, Guidh Orainn,” for the citizens of my city don’t find any inconsistency in praising Our Lord and His Blessed Mother out in the open. Nor could the decorations be taken for granted from year to year; street vied with street and no one was content to live on his laurels. Not the least of the delights of The Procession was judging who had come out best this year and there were surreptitious nudges at the sight of a new altar framed in fresh evergreens

blocking an archway or a street entrance, or a resplendent new banner strung across the frontage of a business premises.

IT must not be thought that all the processionists were school children. The Procession was the pride and endeavour of the whole community and as you added years you merely changed the role you played. Perhaps the most coveted transition stage was that of the Boy Scout. You sped importantly on your bicycle from end to end of the Procession, bearing messages for the various marshals, playing a vital—and satisfactorily ostentatious—part in keeping the slow-moving, praying, singing thousands properly on the move. You ignored, of course, as beneath your notice, the naked admiration and envy of the be-sashed ones from whose ranks you had so lately graduated.

There were greater heights still to be attained and the pinnacle was The Choir. While everybody who took part in the Procession sang, there was also the (augmented) official Choir which marched directly in front of the Blessed Sacrament and also sang at both Benedictions. The augmentations were sometimes astonishing ones and it was not unknown to find yourself joined in the “Adoro Te” by a famous voice. But not all the additional personnel were of such value vocally; nor did they intend to be. The Choir had the best view of the whole Procession, especially at the beginning and the end when the whole panorama was spread out before them, from their commanding position at the temporary altars, like an intricate and colourful carpet of devotion. I

remember, after many years’ absence from the city, being wangled into the Choir as an “augmentation” and successfully putting everybody out of tune because I hadn’t enough sense to keep my mouth shut—a failing of which I’ve been accused at other times too.

THE Emergency brought new hope to those of us that had been relegated to the dark-suited anonymity of The Sodalties. The horror that spread itself across the face of the world was reflected in the drab-green that soon became the predominant colour motif of the Procession. Not that we indulged in such philosophic reflections; all that concerned us was that we could dress up again without fear of being sneered at and the battle-dress and leggings of the L.D.F. were a more than satisfactory substitute for the green sash.

There is, of course, a solid reason for all this annual fuss and ceremonial. The Procession that is part of the life of my town is just as much part of the life of yours and all that I’ve described is as familiar to you as the streets you walk on. I once overheard a small boy ask his daddy, “What is the Procession FOR?”

I cannot do better than give his father’s answer. He told him: “Well, it’s like this. Our Lord spends all the year in the Tabernacle while you and I are out enjoying the sun and air. Of course, He likes it there, but every year He lets the Bishop take Him for a walk through the city, to let the people see Him and to Bless them in their daily lives.”

I don’t know of a better explanation than that. I don’t think there is one.

PROVINCE OF ST. JOSEPH (ENGLAND)

Provincial Chapter

At the recent Provincial Chapter of St. Joseph’s Province, held under the presidency of Most Rev. Father General, the following Superiors were elected:

PROVINCIAL	V. Rev. Fr. Philip, C.P.
FIRST PROVINCIAL CONSULTOR	V. Rev. Fr. Benignus, C.P.
SECOND PROVINCIAL CONSULTOR	V. Rev. Fr. Hubert, C.P.
RECTORS:						
St. Joseph’s Retreat, Highgate, London	V. Rev. Fr. Alfred, C.P.
St. Anne’s Retreat, Sutton, St. Helens	V. Rev. Fr. Vincent, C.P.
St. Saviour’s Retreat, Broadway, Worcs.	V. Rev. Fr. Francis, C.P.
St. Paul’s Retreat, Ilkley, Yorks	V. Rev. Fr. Christopher, C.P.
St. Gabriel’s Retreat, Ormskirk, Lancs.	V. Rev. Fr. Sebastian, C.P.
Mary Immaculate Retreat, Minsteracres, Durham	V. Rev. Fr. Augustine, C.P.
MASTER OF NOVICES	V. Rev. Fr. Ambrose, C.P.

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WAY, way down in my heart, a tear and a smile started together. I was at the wheel of the car, and from the back seat there came to my ears once again, after a lapse of more than two years, the familiar, nonsensical chant of "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves."

Whether the refrain is something universally popular, or whether it is peculiar to our own family, I haven't the slightest idea. I have never asked questions about it; I have simply enjoyed it, and given thanks for it because it wards off the slightest danger of drowsiness in a driver.

It's the sort of thing that delights children, uses up their surplus energy, sets them to stamping their feet and swaying their bodies,

JOSEPH BREIG writes
feelingly on

"my daughter the nun"

and keeps them occupied when there is nothing else to do. It's the sort of thing that can relieve, over and over, the monotony of a long trip. Just as the youngsters are growing thoroughly sick of riding, somebody starts "Ali Baba," and the others join in, and the weariness and boredom are forgotten for a while.

It's the kind of thing our daughter, Betty, has a large supply of. As long as she was with us on our journeys, they seemed shorter and much livelier.

Betty is like the great entertainer, Jimmy Durante, who after singing a song or giving forth with a joke, can honestly exclaim, "I got a million of them." The more nonsensical the humour, the better Betty likes it. She always sat between Geena and Jimmy in the back seat and alternated jokes with songs, songs with chants, and chants with riddles. She had a million of 'em. She's still got a million of 'em—and if ever she ran through

the million, she'd invent ways of ringing changes on them.

Betty is now Sister Joseph Mary of the Sisters of Charity, but she remains Betty the entertainer of youngsters. We discovered this fact anew the other day when we went to the motherhouse to take her to another city where she had been assigned to teach in a parish grade school. While we were travelling along the highway toward the new job, she started the chant about Ali Baba—and that's why a smile and a tear started deep in my heart.

There was an aging Sister at the motherhouse who came over for a chat with us, and she assured me that the nuns thought a great deal of our Betty. "You ought to," I told her plainly. "She's the best. You got a prize when you got her." What the dickens—it would do no harm to utter the plain, unvarnished truth, I felt; and so I blurted it out.

Jimmy and Geena had brought along with them one of those new plastic hoops which had become a sudden fad all across this gigantic, powerful, productive, magnificent and child-like world of ours.

I know that Betty was yearning to try the hoop tricks, but we were out on the grounds of the motherhouse, and there were other visitors, and as Sister Joseph Mary she doubtless felt that she ought to observe a certain decorum. In the car, though, she made up for it with her inexhaustible flow of chants and jokes. Jimmy sat with his arms around her, and Geena snuggled up close; and so we rode.

Mary, seated beside me, inquired about Betty's shoes. Betty said she had a perfectly good pair which she just didn't like. She didn't particularly know why; she simply disliked them. I told her to give them away to the missions or something, and I'd get her another pair. She rejected the suggestion firmly. "Poverty-poverty, you know," she said. "Confound it," I replied, "you don't have to be as poverty as all that." I said I guessed it was a free country, and if I wanted to buy a pair of shoes for her, and so on. But it was Sunday and there were no shoe stores open, so as of now the matter rests on the table, as they say in Parliament.

We arrived at the parish where Sister Joseph Mary is to be stationed, went into the old-fashioned former mansion that serves as convent, and were ushered into the parlour. I stood there wondering again how in the world nuns (and for that matter most priests) contrive to make parlours into places you want to get out of as soon as possible. What is the secret of this forbidding stiffness? And does it have a hidden purpose—to discourage visitors from hanging around too long, with-



A VIETNAMESE CARMELITE

There is no colour bar in the service of God.

out being in any way impolite to them? The welcome of Sisters is always warm and Christian, but oh, the dour coldness of the parlours!

Geena put her arm around Betty, leaned her head against her, and asked, "Can I go upstairs and see your room?" Betty said no, not on that visit—perhaps some other time; and then she added with a smile half mischievous and half self-deprecating, "It's only a bed, you know."

This was the generous-hearted girl who had left our home, which she very much loved, and now had parted from the other girls with whom she had gone through the novitiate. She humorized—I can think of no other suitable word—over the heart-wrenchings which were following one another in her life. And what I really want to say is this—every one of the Sisters who teaches your children and mine has gone through, and continues to go through, the same repeated givings-up of the familiar and the beloved. I just hope we appreciate it. I just think we'd better appreciate it.

INDULGENCES : WHAT ARE THEY?

(Continued from page 67)

MUCH more important than knowing the actual value of an indulgence, is making sure that we gain the indulgence. To do this we must first be *in the state of grace*. Unless our sins are forgiven, we can do nothing to lessen our temporal punishment. Next, we have to have *the intention of gaining the indulgence*. Finally, we must *fulfil the conditions* under which the indulgence is granted. The conditions are essential and vary considerably.

Special mention must be made of indulgences for the dead. The Church has authority only over the living. She cannot use the merit in her treasury to aid the poor souls directly. But there is a way that she can help them. The Church can offer an official prayer to God on their behalf. She can ask God to accept the merit in the treasury of the Church and apply it to the remaining debt of a soul in purgatory. This is what the Church does when she grants an indulgence for the dead. We can safely assume that God hears the prayers of His Church.

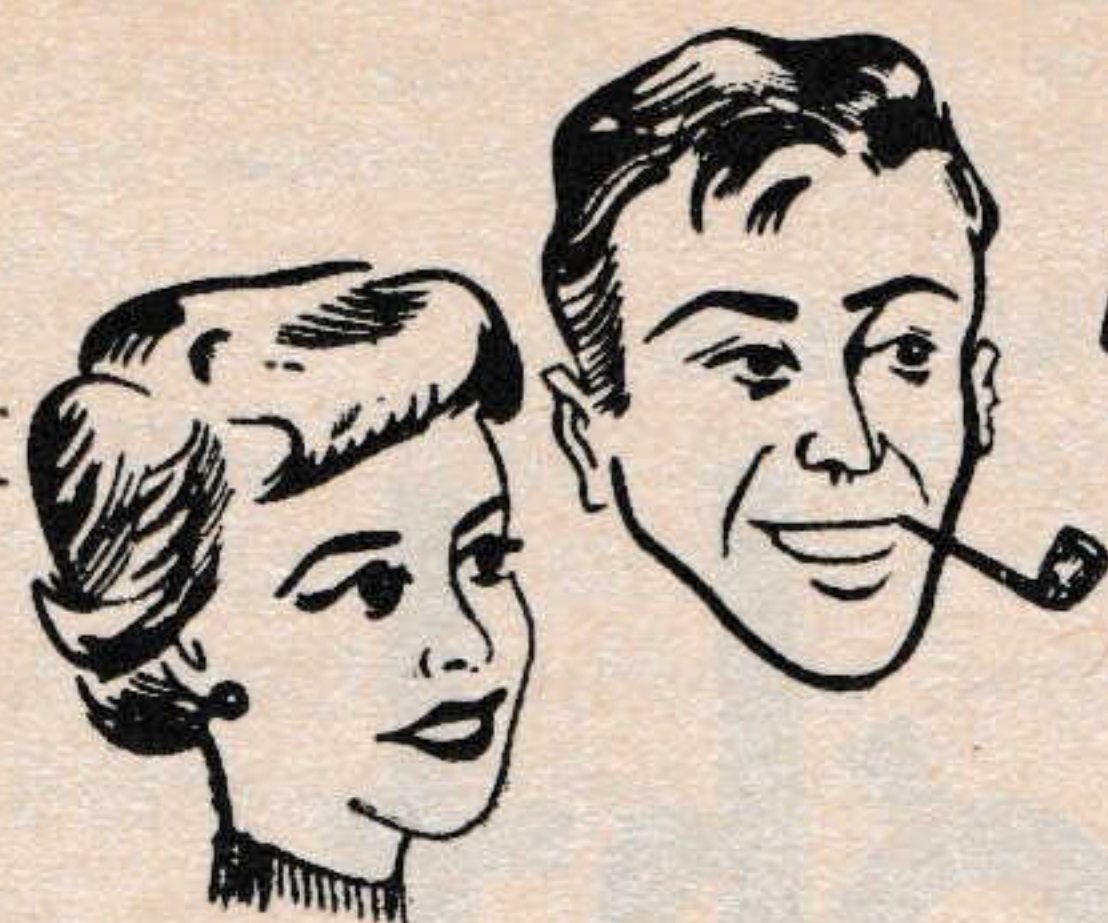
ON PLEADING GUILTY

(Continued from page 70)

forgiveness. And even if we perform our penance hours after we've been to Confession, it's important to remember that it still shares in the power of the Sacrament. Even if it seems very short and very easy, we should fulfil it with great care and attention, for it is better able to balance our debt of temporal punishment than far longer prayers or good works that we might do by our own choice.

"We're all very concerned about keeping our bodies healthy—about seeing a doctor when we're sick, getting medicines, taking tonics. How foolish we'd be if we didn't take at least equal care of the health of our souls. We're missing so much if we don't approach Confession frequently, at least every month. It is able to banish from our lives the things that are keeping us from growing up in Christ. It looks both to the past and the future: it blots out the past and strengthens us against the temptations we must face in the future. We're even free to accuse ourselves again of sins already confessed, to be doubly pardoned, as it were, and doubly strengthened for the future.

"Making a clean breast of our sins and shortcomings is a real need of human nature. Only in our times is modern science becoming fully aware of this need: Our Lord recognised it and used it two thousand years ago as a means of pouring His life into our souls in the Sacrament of Confession. 'PEACE I LEAVE TO YOU, MY PEACE I GIVE TO YOU.'"



YOUR QUESTIONS OUR ANSWERS



On which shoulder should sashes be worn by stewards in church during Mass, etc.—A.H. (Co. Mayo).

As the sash is not a liturgical vestment, there is no legislation governing the method of wearing it. Perhaps it would be fitting, however, if the wearer took a lead from the deacon, who, at High Mass, wears his stole over the left shoulder. Certainly the members of your group should agree on the method to be followed so as to secure uniformity. Your spiritual director will, no doubt, help you in the matter.

Can you please tell me briefly why it was that Our Blessed Lord decided to be born of a Virgin Mother. I want this information in order to pass it on to a friend (non-Catholic).—C.F. (Berkshire).

Jesus was born of a virgin because His Father willed it. It would have been possible for Christ to have had a human father, but it was most fitting that His mother should be a virgin and His birth miraculous. Throughout the centuries of preparation for the coming of Christ, God had worked wonders in the conception of His servants who prepared the way for the coming of His Son. For example, St. Elizabeth, in her old age miraculously conceived St. John the Baptist, the Precursor of Christ. Surely an even greater miracle should mark the Conception and Birth of the Redeemer Himself.

This may seem a foolish question . . . but I would very much like if you would answer it in THE CROSS (What exactly is the Old Testament . . . ?)—V.J.K. (Dublin).

That large section of the inspired word of God, known as the Old Testament, is the collection of the sacred books of the Jews which tell the story of their relationship with God. It is classified as forty-six books, which vary in length and literary form: twenty-one books of history, eighteen books of prophecy and seven books of 'wisdom' literature. These books are to be understood in the light of the literary style and of the mentality of the times in which they were written. Recent archaeological studies have in many cases indicated the geographical and historical reliability of the Old Testament, where it has been attacked. The books were written by many authors over a long period of time. The traditions of the Jews recounted in the first five books certainly go back to Moses (1400-1200 B.C.), while the story of the Machabees, told in the last two books, was written about 100 B.C.

A person remains away from Confession for a long time, but eventually returns to the practice of his religion. In the meantime, he has committed

many mortal sins. But because of the length of time . . . he finds it hard to remember them all or the number of times he committed them. What, can he do in such circumstances?—'Verax' (Co. Kerry).

If a person examines his conscience with the same care that he gives to other important affairs of life, he does all that Christ requires. And that, we think, will involve no great difficulty or anxiety. Mortal sins, even though they extend over a fairly lengthy period, are not likely to be forgotten except by someone who is hardened in vice or whose memory is abnormally defective. If he is in doubt about the exact number, an approximate statement will suffice. If he cannot do even that, he will be able to give at least the approximate number for each week or month.

(1) Why does the Church incense and sprinkle with holy water the bodies of the dead?


(2) In the Church's prayers for the dead God is asked to save the deceased from hell. Why can such a prayer be of any use, since the soul of the deceased has already been saved or damned?—M.McD. (Co. Tipperary).

(1) The Church expresses some of her prayers for the dead through actions directed towards the body because of the great dignity of the latter. God will one day raise in glory the bodies of those who are saved. So whenever we pray for the dead, even when we do not have this specific intention in mind, we are asking for the glorious resurrection of their bodies. In sprinkling and incensing, the Church fittingly blesses and hallows the bodies of the deceased.

(2) We do not have to limit our prayers for a person's salvation to the time before that person's death. All our prayers, whenever they are said, are present to God, who is not limited by time.

Catholics keep going to Confession, and still they continue to sin. Now if confession does not stop sin, of what real value is it?—M.N. (London).

In point of fact, confession—especially frequent confession—is an immense help in the prevention of further sin, although, of course, Christ did not institute the Sacrament of Penance principally in order to prevent further sin, but to forgive sins already committed. To prevent sin, there are other sacraments and other means such as good example, religious instruction, prayer. But if, in spite of these helps, a man falls through strong temptation, is it not a very great and exceedingly valuable thing that his sin can be forgiven through the Sacrament of Penance? It is one of the immense advantages which we Catholics have over those outside the Church.



Spotlight

GOOD FROM EVIL

Even the dark clouds of horror and hate which today encompass the earth are not without a silver lining—as this hopeful clipping indicates:

It was just a short news item in a Catholic newspaper: some Franciscan Sisters were starting a new 73-bed hospital in Singapore, Malaya. In itself it wasn't too startling or world-shaking, but it started a train of thought.

Would these Sisters be there in Singapore if it weren't that China is closed to missionaries?

In many lands across the world the Church is being persecuted, and persecution is an evil thing. But God draws good out of evil. The heroic men and women forced out of China and other Communist-dominated lands are not moping disconsolately at home. They have turned to other fields, for there is always work to do in the Lord's vineyard. Many missionaries no longer free to work in China or Vietnam or North Korea have turned to Formosa, South Korea, Japan, Africa and South America. The Church in these lands has become immensely stronger because of their work.

The proof, or one indication of it, was in the next page of the newspaper. Since 1955 the number of Catholics on Formosa has trebled.

Because the world at times seems so bleak, because we ourselves are so pessimistic in time of trial it's well to point out the good that God draws out of evil.

SPIRITUAL WARFARE

The free world can ill afford to lose such men as John Foster Dulles and Konrad Adenauer. Just how right are the ideas of the latter can be judged from this brief excerpt from the AVE MARIA:

Ever since that steel ball called Sputnik I invaded the upper atmosphere, Americans and the rest of the world have thought in terms of "catching up with the Russians." For Russian countries and Russian satellites represent a scientific progress that might eventually destroy the world as we know it now.

As legitimate as our concern over "catching up" is, however, we must not become so preoccupied with the weapons race that we overlook the more

basic race to capture the minds and imaginations of the uncommitted nations. Recently Konrad Adenauer touched on this fundamental fact when he told Italian newsmen that communism must be fought in a spiritual battle to which free people today are giving too little importance.

"We watch," said Adenauer, "almost exclusively the struggle that is waged with weapons. I think, instead, that we must turn our attention also to the spiritual struggle that goes on between atheistic and materialistic communism and our democratic ideas which respect liberties, including those of the individual human being."

Since Adenauer is a man proven for his leadership and wisdom, his voice should not be taken lightly. Aware of the need to develop an international attitude in a positive effort to win over communism, the German Chancellor emphatically stated: "We must attract the underdeveloped people to our ideals—not only the Asians but also the Africans to whom the Russians preach that only their communism can lead to well-being."

SECULARISM

These lines, penned for the U.S. Catholic magazine, INFORMATION, are not without relevance even in Ireland:

The Church and her press has not only a right, but a solemn duty to speak out on moral issues affecting the lives and souls of God's children, whether these issues are in the field of economics, medicine, business, education, or labour. Catholic living is total living; Catholicity is a total way of life—not merely a series of high-sounding platitudes given from the pulpit on Sunday. The principles of the Church, whether pertaining to industrial relations, to education, or to any other facet of life, are unchanging laws to be obeyed. When they are not followed, the Church has the duty to speak out. Certainly the Catholic press has a solemn charge of speaking out on daily issues in clear tones, of applying the Church's teachings to everyday issues.

This philosophy, "the Church belongs in the pulpit on Sundays only," has several common characteristics:

1. It is *false*—we will save or lose our souls on the basis of what we do on Monday as well as what we do on Sunday;

2. It is *dangerous*—it would deny the Church her natural and supernatural rights. It would steal from the Catholic press the right of freedom of the press;

3. It is *pagan*—such philosophy is the embodiment of secularism. It is secularism at its worst, and essentially secularism is divorcing God from life.

AGE OF MARTYRS

The first paragraph in this month's SPOTLIGHT strikes a note of Christian hope. A similar note is here struck by the late Father Daniel Lord:

As a Catholic I am deeply proud and happy that my Church has advanced with giant strides

I cannot agree with those who wag despondent heads over these evil times. Even in Communism I have seen a foe which Providence has allowed to plague us for our sins and wake us from our apathy and challenge us to match our zeal for justice with its zeal for human slavery. And the horrors of totalitarian Nazism and oppressive Fascism have made us love democracy the more and cling with fiercer loyalty to our Christian truth and freedom.

The evils of the generations just gone I know. I admit that I, too, have been part of them. One could not have lived through two world wars and a depression, seen the onrush of Communism, and known, however remotely, the ugliness that is Nazism and Fascism, and still question the terrors and ills of that span of years. Yet God has had a singularly miraculous way of wrenching from the evils created by mankind wonders and benefits beyond counting. It is something to know one has lived through a new age of martyrs; and though I have missed martyrdom by the widest possible margin, I have been proud of the willingness of thousands to die for their faith. It is a lovely thing to have been part of what history will know as the Age of Mary. It has been glorious to watch the Church at work, its emergence from the exile into which Protestantism had pushed it into the great spiritual force, even of large sections of mankind that do not admit its leadership or accept its truth.

And if, after the pounding and assault of paganism reborn, mankind still shrinks from the tyrant, hates the exploiter, is sneakily ashamed of its sex sins, and practices a gentle charity and human qualities which are totally at variance with the materialistic theory of brute evolution, it is because the Church keeps stressing Christian virtue and demanding that men live like men no matter who tries to teach them that they are animals.

ALARMING STATISTICS

In the pages of the FLORIDA CATHOLIC we came across these genuinely alarming statistics:

A recent survey, involving about 16,000 first grade children from 33 states in this country gives these appalling statistics: (1) almost 50 per cent of the Catholic children could not make the Sign of the Cross; (2) over 75 per cent could not recite the Our Father; (3) nearly 70 per cent did not know the Hail Mary; (4) scarcely any had the basic notions concerning the story of creation, the of our first parents, the true meaning of Christmas, and other similar truths of the Faith.

Just a few years ago, in a talk given to a group

of Catholic mothers, Pope Pius XII said: "If you do not educate the child, he will begin, for good or ill, to educate himself." He made it clear that such education must begin from the cradle. Religious education does not begin, or should not begin in a Catholic school. If parents allow the first five or six years to go by without making a real effort to teach at least some of the fundamentals of their religious beliefs to their children, then a real tragedy has occurred, one that no amount of formal education can ever properly rectify.

Let no one say that children at such a tender age are too young to be educated in religious matters. If they were too young, we would certainly be in a bad way, since child psychologists tell us that the very early years preceding school are the most decisive for the development of character. They stress that the basic pattern of character is formed by the time the child is five.

THOMAS MOORE

Tom Moore was well able to hold his own in any circle. So we gather from these lines culled from the NEW YORK TIMES:

Thomas Moore, the poet, came of humble stock, a fact which made him proud. At the height of his fame he was invited to join a fashionable London club. At a meeting he was approached by the single lord who had objected to the admittance.

"I understand, Mr. Moore," said the lord, "that your father was a shopkeeper. Is that true?"

"Indeed he was," replied Moore, "and a very honest one too."

"How interesting," remarked the nobleman, "and may I ask why you didn't follow in his footsteps?"

"Because, sir," said Moore, "my talents were limited." Then he added: "I have heard that *your* father was a gentleman. May I ask why you have not followed in *his* footsteps?"

UNIVERSALITY

These paragraphs from the CATHOLIC TIMES serve to underline in novel fashion the glorious universality of the Catholic Church:

Pope John personally joined this year's broadcast linking cathedrals in seven countries on Whitsunday.

The special Pentecost broadcast—known as a "multiplex"—linked the cathedral churches of Westminster, London; Utrecht, the Netherlands; Vienna, Austria; Strasbourg, France; Malines, Belgium; Berlin and Venice.

The Ordinary in each diocese gave a short address to his native language.

The concluding talk was given by Pope John, speaking in Latin.

The Pentecost transmission, a demonstration of the Catholicism of Europe, has been presented for five years. But this year was the first in which the Pope took part.

In his address from Westminster Cathedral Cardinal Godfrey spoke of "Light, love, strength—these are the gifts for which we humbly ask on this festival of Pentecost."

The Church faces a

CHALLENGE IN EAST GERMANY

DESMOND CRYAN discusses
the nature of this
challenge

SCARCELY at any time since the end of World War 2 has such wide-world interest centred around Germany than at present. For Catholics in particular the hope that their fellow-religionists in East Germany may have their lot improved should be intensified by the realisation of what it has meant for them to live under a regime whose special characteristic has been to single out the young for the particular target of perversion.

The East German regime's special claim to distinction in the Communist world may well lie in its satanic attempt to parody the Christian sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation. The attack was first directed on the latter sacrament. Pressure was put on parents by the authorities to have their children undergo a ceremony known as Jugendweihe, or dedication of youth, which in outward form and shape is a rite which anticipates confirmation, but in contents stresses the factor of collective response and collective or mass surrender.

THREE questions are put to the youths, known as dedicants, when they come forward en masse for the "dedication" ceremony after several months of cultural instruction from the age of 13. The preceptor asks them: "Are you ready to fight, with all your strength, together with all patriots, for

a united and independent Germany?" "Are you ready to fight, with all your strength, for world peace and to defend it to the uttermost?" "Are you ready to fight, with all your strength, for the construction of a better and happier life on earth, for progress in science, arts and economics?"

To each of these questions the young people reply "Yes, we promise to do so." Then the preceptor says: "We have heard your solemn vow. Hence now receive the great promise of the community of all workers united in the Workers' World Union, to protect you and help you reach the high purpose to which you are now dedicated.

"Go forward fighting the good fight towards the vision of victory given to all honest working people on the earth."

This is not just a civic ceremony. It is intended to rule out the Christian rite. Tremendous pressure is put on parents to present their children for the ceremony. Failure to do so invariably means that the child must leave school, in which case his whole future is jeopardised because the only work available to him will be labouring work.

URGED on by the Catholic Hierarchy of East Germany, many parents are steadfastly opposing the Communist scheme, but inevitably there are many who feel that the sacrifice is too great. Some observers see in the fact that the regime recently introduced a form of atheistic "baptism" an indication that the Jugendweihe has not succeeded in spreading Communism among the young people to the extent it was hoped.

Details of the atheistic "baptism" were given last year by Vatican Radio, which reported that the parents of 33 children in Weimar had accepted the imposition of an "oath of atheism for life" intended to recruit young people for the Communist cause and to supplant Christian Baptism. At the end of the ceremony, the radio said, representatives of the Weimar municipality gave the parents a document in which was recorded the "atheistic 'baptism' of their children." The parents were also presented with flowers.

This attempted degradation of the Church by replacing its ceremonies with secular rites has not ended there. The East German authorities want nothing less than a "Red Liturgy," as an order published by the regime recently reveals, and this is intended to apply also to marriage and funeral ceremonies.

ACCORDING to the Berlin diocesan weekly, *Petrusblatt*, a Socialist form of marriage is now in operation. The couple take a solemn 'vow' to increase with all their strength the achievements of Socialism and the power of the workers and peasants. "We, responsible

to each other, promise to all working people to fashion our marriage, founded here and now in mutual love, as a partnership contracted for the whole of life."

At the root of these attacks on the sacraments, as Vatican Radio has pointed out, lies a curious phenomenon. "Communism, in the frenzy of its invasions, yet remains anchored to religious concepts of exclusively Christian origin. . . . Incapable of beating or banishing them, it makes the effort to absorb them into its false mystic materialism."

"And while with Christianity the outward ceremony is nothing else than an adequate symbol expressive of the wealth of the marvellous spiritual reality, with Communism atheistic 'baptism' and lay 'confirmation' are vain efforts to throw a veil over the less than human squalor of a purely material view of life."

WHILE news of the various attacks on Christianity in East Germany, as reported regularly in the Catholic weekly newspapers, makes sorrowful reading, there is no doubt whatever that the East German Hierarchy are responding fearlessly to the challenge. No new attack on the Faith is made but it is followed up by solemn denunciation by the Bishops and fearlessly read from the pulpits.

But there is no sign of an end to the repressive measures of the Ulbricht Government. On the contrary eleven Catholic laymen and four Jesuits were recently sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment by the East German courts on trumped-up charges, upon which the Bishop of Berlin, the newly-created Cardinal Dopfner, preaching in East Berlin, called for daily prayer for all who had lost their freedom.

One of the extraordinary phenomena of the Communist persecution is the way in which it has led to the strengthening of bonds between the Catholic Church and the German Evangelical Church, which, now as in the days of the Nazis, are co-operating in face of the common threat to their existence. The Evangelical leader, Bishop Dibelius, had reason to refer to this in a radio broadcast when he said that relations had never been so positive between the Catholics and the Evangelicals as they were today. Upon which Lord Pakenham commented in the House of Lords (when an Anglican Bishop, Dr. Bell, raised this question of the persecution of the Churches in East Germany): "As is so often the case in the world, out of great evil some good can be snatched; and, if we take a long view, it may be a great good."

DR. Dopfner and Dr. Dibelius meet periodically, paradoxically, in this country from which grew the religious division of Europe, and they plan together works of mutual charity. Working through the Una Sancta movement,

they arrange to share out whatever buildings they have in East Germany in order that worship may be continued.

To the German Evangelical Church too must go our sympathy. Despite unrelenting pressure by the East German Government to sap its authority and to bring about a rupture between its eastern and western sections (it is an all-German body), it has not yielded. Last August *Petrusblatt* reported that about 4,000 East German Catholics and Evangelicals attended a meeting in Naumburg Cathedral to protest against interference in Church life. At the meeting, according to a report in the *London Times*, both the Catholic Bishop, Dr. Rintelan and the Evangelical Bishop, Dr. Janicke, refuted Communist charges that the Church possessed or distributed Fascist literature.

This co-operation between the Churches and the resoluteness with which the common challenge to both has been met is the bright spot in the picture of religious suppression to which Pope John referred last February when he wrote to the German Hierarchy "with sorrow in my heart." And sorrow there must be. An English Catholic gives this account of his visit to that unhappy land: "The war against God and His Church was in full swing. Anti-religious books and papers were on sale everywhere. . . . One particularly blasphemous book was called 'The Dear God and the H-bomb'. . . . Pressure on Catholics to desert the Faith is tremendous, incessant and growing daily in intensity. The main weapon is the economic one; it is impossible to earn a living unless one works for the State, and one cannot work unless one does what the State says."

BUT the time of deliverance will come for East Germany as for the other states where religious persecution is rife. On this account we must hope and pray that, despite the tragedy of their plight, the faithful in Germany will receive the grace necessary to withstand all pressure and remain steadfast to their Faith, as urged by the Holy Father in his letter.

Catholics everywhere may well re-echo the Pontiff's hope "that the enemies of the Church will finally see the error of their ways and allow religious freedom." Defections there have been, but the Communists, themselves such keen protagonists of the doctrine of the inexorability of historical processes, have apparently not learnt the lesson which the Christians in Germany taught the Nazis—that the Faith is stronger than death, and that the might of empires must be powerless to banish it from the face of the earth.

Let the persecutors learn something of the united determination of the German Christians to fight to the end for their religious freedom.

BRYAN McLOUGHLIN tells the story of

A LATTER-DAY PAUL OF TA

THE biography of St. John de Britto forms a tale of epic grandeur not merely in the annals of Portugal, but in the hearts of Christian men and women the world over. Clearly he stands forth against the background of the seventeenth century—a gallant figure with courage in his eyes and faith in his soul and the ardent desire in his heart to do or die in the service of Christ the King.

He was born in Lisbon in the year 1647, and he became an orphan at the tender age of four. Five years later, he entered the royal palace, and became a friend and page of the young Don Pedro, the heir to the Portuguese throne.

The love of goodness was so strong in the boy's heart that he could never bear to let a fault pass unchecked. Consequently he became unpopular with a number of his schoolfellows who considered it clever to make crude jokes at his expense. They went out of their way to make life unpleasant for one who would not agree to become one of their clique. Taunts and jeers were followed by threats and blows. In the end the boy had a nervous breakdown. His life was despaired of. But his mother stormed Heaven with the fervour of her prayers, and she vowed that, if he recovered, she would see to it that he wore a religious habit for at least a year as a token of thanksgiving to the Almighty for having spared his life.

JOHN did indeed recover; and for the next twelve months he attended school, attired in the black clothes of a Jesuit novice. No doubt his would-be clever schoolfellows may have felt inclined to taunt him over this; but the realisation that their threats and blows had brought him so perilously close to death probably put a check on their tongues and a rein on their hands.

As the years went by, the youth realised that not merely for a year but for his whole life, God wanted him to wear that religious

The story of St. John de Britto is one of heroism and high adventure

habit. So at the age of fifteen he entered the Jesuit Order; and during the first novena which he made in the novitiate he asked Jesus to grant him not ease or comfort or happiness—but the crown of martyrdom.

As soon as his period in the novitiate was over, John was sent to Coimbra to pursue his studies in philosophy and theology; and so impressed were his Superiors by his talents and obvious ability that, several years prior to his ordination, he was appointed a professor in a seminary near Lisbon. But all the time the young man's heart was longing to be able to set out for the mission-fields. And his generous soul was yearning to lead countless men to God.

Directly he was ordained, his wish was granted. He was chosen as a missionary for India, and he hastily began to make the necessary preparations for the journey which lay ahead.

His mother, saintly woman though she might be, was not at all eager that he should set out on this journey. She warned him of the numberless trials and difficulties which must inevitably face a missionary in that far-off oriental clime. But John's voice was very firm as he assured her that he was but following in the footsteps of St. Francis Xavier and that he would far rather be privileged to undertake this hazardous journey than boast of all the riches that were ever minted from the mines of Mexico and Peru.

DON Pedro, too, did his level-best to persuade John to remain at home, promising him a position of great importance at his own court if he consented to change his mind. But the young priest's decision was not going to be altered.

TARSUS

"There is only one position that I really care for," was his reply, "and that is a position of honour in the next life."

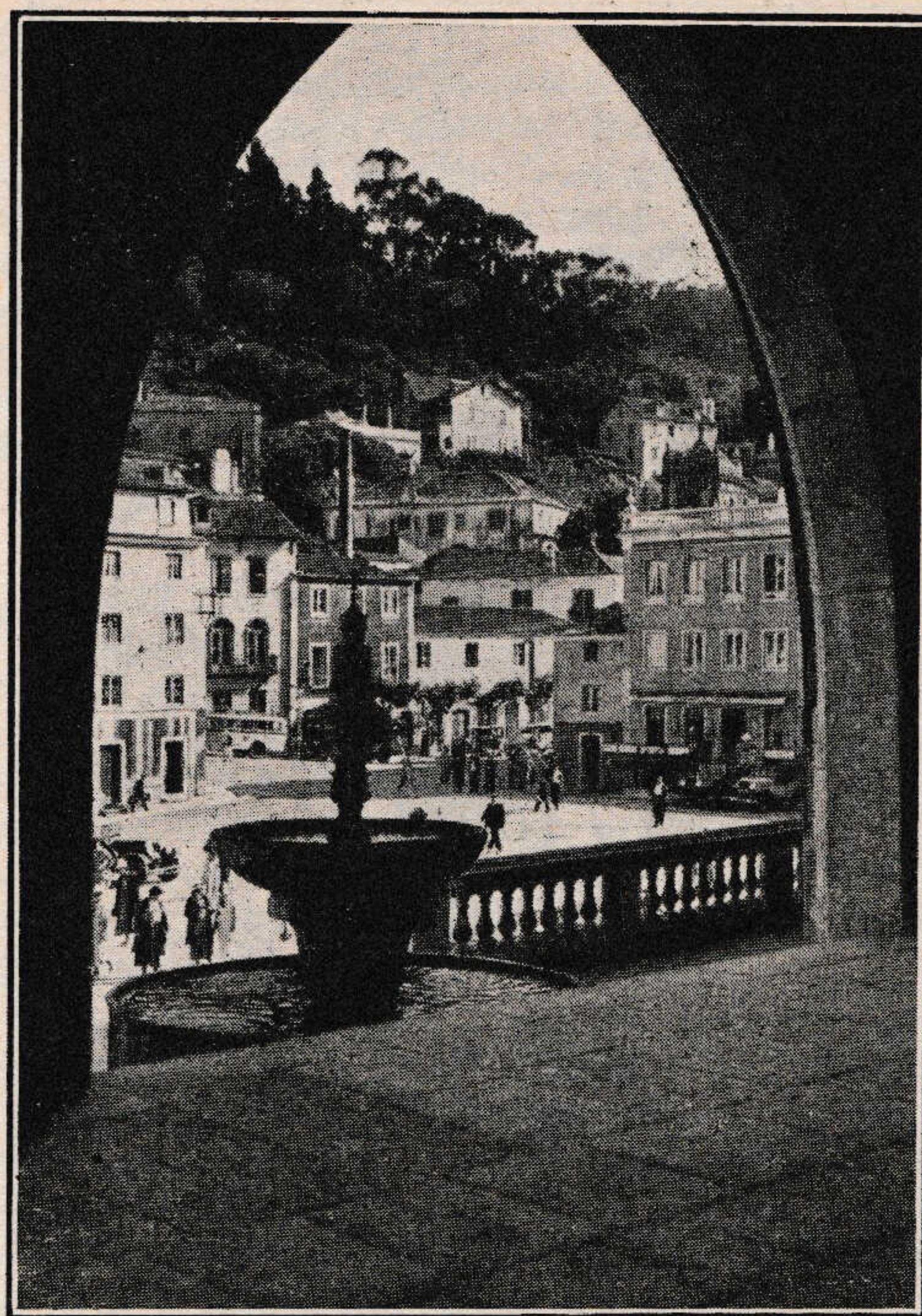
The voyage proved more-than-usually difficult. Several times it seemed that the ship on which he sailed would never reach its destination. Sickness broke out. The crew were barely able to keep on their feet. Food ran short. But John's cheery face and unfailing optimism chased the shadows away. And in the dawn of an autumn day the domes and turrets of Goa stood out, clear and bold, against the saffron sky.

John's first year was spent in mastering the language. Then, with his Superiors' blessing, he set out on his great trek towards the Madura mission.

He arrived, tired in limb, but unshaken in courage; and he lost no time in settling down to the great task which had brought him so many thousand miles.

THE hardships which he bore in the ensuing years are strangely reminiscent of the sufferings of St. Paul. Often he was beaten with rods. Almost as often he was stoned. At times he was shipwrecked. He was compelled to go from village to village and from settlement to settlement, like a homeless pilgrim. He saw the inside of many a prison. He knew what it was to suffer both cold and hunger. But he never complained. And all the time he was doing superhuman work in bringing souls closer to the paths of grace. During the first three months of 1686, he converted no fewer than three thousand people. During the next three months, he received some four thousand souls into the Church. And so, like a never-failing stream, the good work went on.

Suddenly the ruler of Marava grew jealous of the success which was attending the missionary's efforts; and, in a paroxysm of rage, he ordered that he should be taken and toasted over a hot stone. By the time this inhuman form of torture was over, the



PORTUGAL'S QUAIN VILLAGE OF CINTRA

St. John de Britto knew its every alley.

priest's body was a mass of sores and wounds. Yet not a single word of complaint escaped his lips.

HIS Superiors, on learning the torments which he had endured, now advised him to return to Europe in order that he might regain his strength and forget at least a part of the sufferings which he had undergone. So back to Lisbon he went. And, as soon as they caught sight of him, both his mother and Don Pedro renewed their entreaties and begged him not to leave his native land again. But John was in no doubt that there was still work for him to tackle in the India which he wished to give to God.

So within a couple of months he was once more bidding "good-bye" to the shores of his native Portugal and was turning his course in the direction of the East.

Another three years he was destined to spend in India, and then the crown of martyrdom, for which he had asked so many years before, was granted to him.



It happened that one of his converts was Prince Teriadven—a man who, prior to his conversion, had five 'wives.' It was therefore necessary for him to remedy the situation before being received into the Catholic Church. One of his 'ex-wives,' furious at having been relegated to the background appealed to the reigning King Ranganadven; and Ranganadven, without bothering to acquaint Teriadven as to what he had in mind, ordered that the missionary who was responsible for all the trouble should be imprisoned and executed.

THERE were tears of joy in Father de Britto's eyes as he waited in his prison-cell for the hour of his execution. And from that prison-cell he wrote the following letter to his Superior in Lisbon...

"I am every instant expecting death for my God and Saviour. How happy I am to find the object of all my prayers and labours reached at last! What glory it holds out to me! The only crime of which I stand indicted is having taught the law of Jesus Christ and having opposed idolatry; and, whatever the punishment of a crime may be, the reward of this, which is virtue, must be

an honour. This thought consoles me in my chains. God is all to me. Now I am closely watched by the soldiers and cannot write in detail. Farewell, my dear Father. I beg your blessings and prayers."

On February 4, 1693—ere yet the sun had raised its face behind the distant hills—John de Britto was summoned to the place of execution.

The canopy of the heavens was still lighted with a couple of stars. The winds were cool and fresh and from somewhere bird song came to him.

"It must be hard to die and leave the world at a time like this," the gaoler commented with a touch of pity in his voice.

But Fr. John de Britto's eyes were shining like twin stars as he looked into the speaker's face.

"On the contrary, this is one of the happiest days of my whole life," he stated with conviction.

"But the death which you will have to face will be inflicted with as much harshness as possible?" the gaoler reminded him.

"Ah, but it will be merely the key that will open the door to indescribable loveliness," the priest returned.

[OBITUARY]

Rev. Fr. Bernardine [Hullen], C.P.

We regret to chronicle the death, at the Passionist Retreat, Herne Bay, Kent, of Rev. Fr. Bernardine (Hullen), C.P. His passing, on May 26th, took from St. Joseph's Province one of its best loved priests. Born at Togher, Co. Louth, in 1878, he was raised to the priesthood on June 29th, 1917. For some years he laboured at St. Mary's Retreat, Harborne, Birmingham, but most of his priestly life was spent in Herne Bay, where his kindness as a confessor will long be remembered.

Requiescat in pace.

Readers' prayers are asked for the following recently deceased:

Joseph Kavanagh
Bryan Farrelly
Daniel Lavery
Martin Winston
Margaret Coohan

John McCullagh
Frank Blee
Mary Fay
Mrs. Boland
Ellen O'Connor

Letter to My Neighbours

who do not understand

By FRANK H. CASS

DEAR GEORGE AND ELOISE:

Several times you have asked why I joined the Catholic Church and have expressed wonderment that I, a born Protestant, could have sincerely and without mental reservation subscribed to the doctrines of such a medieval institution. If you will bear with me for these few pages, I will try to explain in somewhat more detail the step that led to my conversion.

I was born in a mining town in Colorado, and my first contact with Catholicism was through the children of uneducated Italian and Austrian miners. On the few occasion that I peeked inside my friends' church, I was slightly awed by the glitter of the ornaments, the vestments of the priest, and the strange language he used.

WE soon moved from this mining area, and during the remainder of my childhood and adolescence I lived in small, predominantly Protestant communities where my only Catholic contacts were a few weddings and funerals.

In these rural settlements, I attended small non-denominational community churches where there was a nice air of morality and a confused sense of religious doctrine. The emphasis varied from social service to fundamentalism according to the particular pastor in charge.

After finishing high school, I entered Washington State College where I filled out the line, "Church Preference," on my enrolment card with the word, "Methodist," not because I had any preference, but because I felt it was a

good middle-of-the-road choice; and besides, I didn't want to leave any of the lines blank.

By this time my childish feelings of awe for the ceremonials of the Catholic Church had turned to those of mild disgust. Why all this nonsense about candles, statues, and holy water? What about the monotonously stupid repetition of the same prayers over and over again? Wasn't it all a relic of an unenlightened age and comparable, on the whole, to the ritual of African witch doctors?

AT any rate, I didn't spend much time thinking about it because I soon became connected with a group of serious young fellows, most of whom were workers in the college branch of the Y.M.C.A. I proved to be a poor member of this little group of reformers. The meetings were quite dull and never seemed to lead anywhere, and I noted that few of the prominent students ever attended.

After a few months of desultory attendance, I dropped away and found more exciting companionship in several well-read classmates who introduced me to what I took to be the intellectual life of the campus. I learned the word "iconoclast," and held in high esteem anyone who deserved that title.

Three years after graduation I fell in love and married a very fine Catholic girl. I had some feelings of treachery when I signed a document stating that I would not object to my children being raised and educated as Catholics. Is this the religious freedom, I asked myself, that my staunch New England ancestors fought and died for?

BUT I was deeply and purely in love, and that grand passion makes intellectual abstractions seem somewhat vague and theatrical. Besides, all I had to offer in place of Catholicism was non-Catholicism, and that was certainly an ill-defined conglomerate.

This condition existed, not because I had failed to search during the years following my graduation. I had tried most of the standard varieties of Protestantism, but always, like Omar, "—came out by the same door where in I went."

For many people these several sects give spiritual satisfaction; to me they lacked the absolutes for which I was searching. Too much depended on the eloquence of the preacher, too little on the presence of God.

FINALLY, in a sort of desperate gesture, I joined the Episcopal Church. Here, at least, the sermon was an accessory to the worship, and even the most ineloquent celebrant could not spoil the simple majesty and spiritual vigour of the liturgy as recited from the *Book of Common Prayer*.

One incident during this period puzzled me very much. The pastor of the small church that I attended favoured the so-called "high church" service. One Sunday I was interested to see that he had replaced the plain cross which hung behind his pulpit with a rather large crucifix. A crucifix in a Protestant church?

It hung there for several Sundays, then disappeared. Was this poignant reminder of Christ's eternal sacrifice too unequivocal for the great Church of England? Was this local Canterbury getting too close to Rome?

Though I never found an answer to these questions, I did come to realize that among some of the clergy there was a feeling of nostalgia. And I, too, felt that I had not yet reached home.

I began to visit the Catholic church in the district occasionally. I say "visit" because I attended only as a visitor, a rather critical visitor.

Gradually I came to realize that here, right or wrong, was a definite stand. Here was a Church that claimed to be actually founded by Christ to present an unbroken line of apostolic leaders since that time, to be universal, to be one, to be the mother of all Christian creeds.

As I listened to these claims, I wondered about the disgraceful state of some of the clergy prior to the Reformation and the schisms that had split the Church body so many times. If this Church is infallible, how can these things have occurred?

Yet the more I considered the matter, the more strongly I felt that certainly only a living body with a goal ordained by God could have withstood the infection from within as well as the attacks from without for over nineteen hundred years and still survived.

Finally came the impasse. I felt I must either accept the Mother Church completely or reject it and make some show of respectability by attending occasionally any church whose speaker pleased me. It was the choice of an organized, definite, religious home as against a series of pleasant hotel rooms. If I chose the home I would have to fit myself in with the family life. The hotel rooms imposed few restrictions; I could make most of the rules myself.

FOR several months I did nothing. Then one dark wintry afternoon it happened that my route home took me past our little parish church. Ahead of me I saw the lights in Father Gallegher's study. The uncertainty of all the past months and even years weighed heavily upon my mind. Why not find out once and for all if this was for me?

I turned into the church yard and a moment later was knocking at the door.

When I explained the reason for my call, Father reached out and laid his hand on my shoulder: "I have noticed you," he said, "as you came to Mass with your wife and children. I think you have only a little way to go, but we will see."

I decided to take instructions. If there were still too many questions, I could drop out before making any final commitments. What I did not know at the time was that no priest would even make the first step toward my final admission if he felt any doubt about my state of mind.

At any rate, I started meeting with Father Gallegher. I read, asked many questions, and listened to many explanations. I found that many of my difficulties stemmed from lack of understanding. I learned that theology, like any other study, has its own vocabulary and concepts, and that an analysis of the relationship of the human soul to its Maker probes deep into regions beyond the realm of ordinary psychology.

FOR the first time I realized that development of the soul like development of the body and mind is something that requires application of the will and is furthermore a much more subtle process with many more pitfalls. Obviously, so difficult a path requires a guide, and where would I find a better one than the Church instituted by Christ to do just this?

The thoroughness of Father Gallegher's instructions verified this judgment. He painstakingly answered any question I cared to ask, gave me numerous books by both theologians and laymen to read, and made certain that I understood and accepted the cardinal precepts of the Catholic Church.

AFTER several months of these instructions, which I thoroughly enjoyed, I prepared for baptism and confirmation. At long last I had reached home.

At least I had, by an intellectual process, arrived at a belief that seemed logical and sincere. I did not realize the trials I had yet to overcome and how long a road lay ahead before I could attain sufficient growth of soul to make this faith a part of my everyday life.

The fact that my wife and children belong to the Catholic Church no doubt influenced my decision greatly, as did their prayers in my behalf, but I do not believe that I could have taken the final step without a deep conviction that it was the right one for me individually.

I am under no illusion that this brief letter has answered your questions adequately. To do so is beyond my abilities. There is the mystery of faith that penetrates into a region beyond human reason.

Sincerely,

FRANK.

F. P. CAREY here discusses

The UNFINISHED COUNCIL

A timely article in view
of the coming
Oecumenical Council

THE approach of another Oecumenical Council naturally casts the Catholic mind back to memories of the famous Vatican Council, convoked by Pius IX in 1869, the latest General Council of the Church, and the only such assembly to have taken place between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries. International developments of the preceding fifty years hastened its convocation. In almost every European country, Great Britain included, government policies were menacing the rights of the Church, and the liberty of its ministers. In France ecclesiastical affairs were being embarrassed by the aftermath of the still-recent Commune; in England by the tantalising prejudices and clandestine attacks of State Protestantism; in Germany by the beginnings of that militaristic ideology which in our own time has so fatefully reached the climax; in Italy, particularly in Rome, by the political and social effects of that movement which culminated in the Revolution of the earlier months of 1870, bringing the Papal States and Temporal Power of the Pope to an end.

The Government of Victor Emmanuel I, King of Sardinia, the most powerful ruling influence in Italy, had just connived at the march upon Papal Rome by the revolutionary Garibaldi—whose forces, however, had been dispersed by the small Pontifical army at Mentana—when, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, 1869, seven hundred and fifty prelates from all parts of Christendom gathered in the Vatican Palace for the inaugural session. All Bishops of the Eastern Rite not in communion with the Holy See, as well as Protestant church dignitaries, had also been invited, in order, as was stated by the Promotor Fidei in a letter to Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, *that they might hear their own*

religious difficulties debated by orthodox and experienced theologians. The invitation was in no instance accepted.

AS well as a Congregation of Direction, the Council comprised six Commissions constituted of theologians and canonists from different countries. Those Commissions, over each of which one of the Cardinals in Curia presided, dealt with, respectively, the Relation of Church and State; the Eastern Churches and Missions; the Religious Orders; Dogmatic Theology; Discipline; and Ceremonial. Dr. John Henry Newman, not yet a Cardinal, was offered a consultorship, but for health reasons declined the distinction. When, shortly previous to the assembly, the Roman newspaper, *Civilita*, published by the Jesuits, announced that the Definition of Papal Infallibility would be the principal consideration of the Council, world-interest, non-Catholic no less than Catholic, bristled with angry or hopeful anticipation. The Council made headlines even in the British Protestant press. Nevertheless, the proposal as to Infallibility was received by some prelates and many clergy with reserve. Certain Bishops of Central Europe, for instance, protested that, in view of the doubtful trend of Continental politics, the matter should be deferred. Most Rev. Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, was also among those who opposed the Definition, though it is to be acknowledged that he was among the first to have submitted his own will to that of the Church once the Infallibility of the Pope had been declared a Dogma of Catholic Faith. There were many dissentients, too, among the statesmen and publicists of Europe, all obviously encouraged by a mischievous series of articles in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Augsburg, and by a letter of remonstrance addressed by Prince Hohenlohe, Bavarian



THE VATICAN'S GRACEFUL
SCALA REGIA

Foreign Minister, to each of the European governments.

SEVEN hundred and nineteen prelates attended the inaugural session, the number of participants increasing per meeting until the Council had attained the numerical strength stated in a previous paragraph. Of the latter number one hundred and twenty were Archbishops of various nationalities, in addition to whom there were very many Bishops, Abbots, and other dignitaries, with several hundred priests, monks, seminarists, and laity, also from countries outside Italy. The earlier sessions were occupied chiefly with discussions on Discipline, and in the preparation of a revised Short Catechism of Christian Doctrine. Many Canons respecting Natural Religion, Faith, Revelation, the Relation of Faith to Reason, the Primacy of the See of Rome, and the authority of the Pope over all Christians, were during the same early phase embodied in two new Constitutions.

The momentous matter of Papal Infallibility was laid before the Council early in 1870, the forces of Garibaldi having even at

that moment re-gathered for the final assault upon the territories of the Papacy. By special desire of Pius IX, the Definition was proposed to the Council by the illustrious Paul Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, a former Rector of the Irish College, Rome, personally endeared to the Pontiff and honoured by all the Roman Congregations and personalities for his piety, learning, and eminent ecclesiastical qualities. His address was, indeed, the highlight of the Council, dispelling, as it did, the reserve of not a few among the ecclesiastics who had been opposed to Infallibility. His profound arguments also resolved doubts which may have lingered in the minds of many of the faithful, and stimulated understanding of the reasonableness of the Definition among unprejudiced non-Catholics throughout the world.

Opposition was, at first, undoubtedly active, but it is important to remember that the prelates who championed the negative were invariably actuated rather by the conviction that the introduction of the matter at that critical juncture in European affairs was inopportune. With the exception of about three, like the German Bishop Dollinger, the eighty-eight Bishops who had voted against the Definition, the sixty-two who had conditioned their support with various modifications, and the seventy who had abstained from voting, all loyally accepted the Decree of the Council, and, returning to their far-flung dioceses, zealously preached the Dogma to their people.

THE final vote was taken on July 13th, 1870. Five days later, the Bull, *Pastor Aeternus*, embodying the Dogma of Papal Infallibility, was promulgated in Public Consistory. Thereupon, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, by Apostolic Letter confirmed the Decree. With the Definition, however, the Vatican Council had not reached the end of its projected deliberations. Other matters, including, it was said, the proposed Dogma of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, awaited consideration. But a few days after the Declaration of Infallibility, the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War made it expedient that the assembly should disperse. The Council was, accordingly, adjourned *sine die*. Two months subsequently the victorious forces of United Italy entered Papal Rome, and Pius IX, spurning the proposal that the Vicar of Christ should tacitly become the subject of an earthly monarch, retired as Prisoner of the Vatican. This attitude was maintained by his successors until the Lateran Treaty of February, 1929 ended the deadlock between the Church and Italy, and established the small, but independent, Vatican State. This Treaty was one of the glories of the great Pontificate of Pope Pius XI.

PASSIONIST MISSIONS AND RETREATS

JUNE — AUGUST, 1959

Urlingford, Co. Kilkenny	FF. Finian and Malachy
Greencastle, Omagh, Co. Tyrone	FF. Alphonsus and Paulinus
Dunloy, Co. Antrim	FF. Conleth and Slyvius
Kilbride, Co. Wicklow	Fr. Paulinus
Maybole, Ayrshire	Fr. Flannan
Loughinisland, Co. Down	FF. Patrick and Jude
Portaferry, Co. Down	FF. Luke and Thomas
Kilcoo, Co. Down	FF. Reginald and Neil
Clergy, Diocese of Clonfert	Fr. Dermot
Clergy Retreat, Fatima House, Coodham	Fr. Andrew
Community, Holy Trinity Abbey, Kilnacrot	Fr. Louis
Marist Fathers, St. Doolagh's Park, Co. Dublin	Fr. Dermot
Community, Presentation Brothers, Bray	Fr. Conleth
do. do. Enniskillen	Fr. Angelo
do. Patrician Brothers, Ballyfin	Fr. Sebastian
do. do. Mallow	Fr. Luke
do. Christian Brothers, Tralee	Fr. Frederick
do. do. Midleton	Fr. Malachy
do. do. Carrick-on-Suir	Fr. Enda
do. do. Edinburgh	Fr. Michael
do. Sisters of Charity, Delvin	Fr. Philip
do. Sisters of Mercy, Ballyshannon	Fr. Fintan
do. do. St. John's Hospital, Sligo	Fr. Patrick
do. do. Trim	Fr. Reginald
do. do. Summerhill, Athlone	Fr. Clarence
do. do. Cobh	Fr. Dermot
do. do. Crumlin Rd., Belfast	Fr. Sebastian
do. do. Westport, Co. Mayo	Fr. Christopher
do. do. St. Peter's, Athlone	Fr. Cyril
do. do. Arklow	Fr. Louis
do. do. Elgin, Morayshire	Fr. Michael
do. do. Ballyhaunis	Fr. Salvian
do. do. Macroom	Fr. Clarence
do. do. Wexford	Fr. Angelo
do. do. Ballyshannon (2nd Rt.)	Fr. Vivian
do. Convent of St. Francis, Blackrock, Cork	Fr. Cronan
do. Nazareth House, Hammersmith, London	Fr. Dermot
do. do. Fahan, Co. Donegal	Fr. Alexis
do. do. Aberdeen	Fr. Jerome
do. Passionist Sisters, Bryson St., Belfast	Fr. Fintan
do. do. Kilcullen	Fr. Andrew
do. do. Maryfield, Dublin	Fr. Leo
do. do. Ballycastle	Fr. Paul Mary
do. do. Lochgelly	Fr. Jerome
do. do. Irvine	Fr. Xavier
do. Augustinian Sisters, Ratoath	Fr. David
do. Presentation Sisters, Waterford	Fr. Philip
do. do. Terenure	Fr. Columb
do. Little Company of Mary, Milford House, Limerick	Fr. Leo
do. Bon Secours Sisters, Mt. Desert, Cork	Fr. Dermot
do. St. Joseph's College, Freshford	Fr. Oliver
Postulants, Mount Alvernia, Mallow	Fr. Sebastian
C. O. M., Convent of Mercy, Rochfortbridge	Fr. Alexis
do. Sisters of Charity, Foxford	Fr. James
do. Convent of Mercy, Bantry	Fr. Finian
do. Attymass, Ballina	Fr. James
do. Convent of Mercy, Elphin	Fr. Clarence
do. Presentation Convent, Waterford	Fr. Fintan
do. Convent of Mercy, Borrisoleigh	Fr. Clarence
Boys' Retreat, Youghal	Fr. Sebastian
Patients, Brothers of Charity, Clarenbridge	Fr. Philip
Mill Workers, Foxford	Fr. James
Boys' Retreat, Ballycastle, Co. Antrim	Fr. Timothy
Girls, Convent of Mercy, Mohill	Fr. Kenneth
St. Maria Goretti Novena, St. Joseph's, Collooney	FF. Enda and Luke
do. The Graan, Enniskillen	FF. Philip and David
Enclosed Retreats, Drumalis, Larne	FF. Damien, Peter, Justin, Louis Mary and Neil

THE MAN OF LOVE

H. W. J. EDWARDS tells the story of St. Bernard

IN these days we are rightly encouraged to follow the example of "little saints" of whom St. Thérèse of Lisieux (the Little Flower) is a supreme example. One reason for being so encouraged is that this is said to be the Age of the Common Man. Another is that same "little way" is the only way some Christians can love God.

But it is not all the truth by a very long chalk. And any Catholic may see this by asking himself: "Who is the greatest of all the saints, so great indeed, that this saint has to be regarded as quite unparalleled?" The answer is Blessed Mary, Mother of God, Queen of Angels. Yet the simplest child has no qualms in speaking to her.

We should, then, not fear to approach the "big saints." It's true that one or two of them barked rather loudly. St. Jerome, whose pet was most appropriately a tame lion, was a rare one when it came to writing a pretty incisive rebuke to someone. He even had a crack at saintly friends. But what's that among saints? They don't bark in heaven and they are much too happy to dot their friends' 'i's' and 't's.'

Among the big saints was one who has been called "The Man of Love," St. Bernard of Clairvaux, whose feast is the 20th July. Now St. Bernard although so full of love or rather *because* he was so full of love, had the job of rebuking certain people. But they were not 'little' people. They were powerful people in Church and State. He rebuked Louis VI, the Duke of Aquitaine, who fainted at St. Bernard's thunder, the Abbot Suger, who changed his life thereupon, and the Archbishop of Seus who did the same.

THIS is how St. Bernard wrote to King Louis VI, who had seized the property of another of St. Bernard's converts, the former pleasure-loving courtly favourite who had returned to his diocese of Seus to carry out his proper duties.

"You have scorned the terrible God. Await, then, the chastisement that shall befall you, for I saw, in a vision, you kneeling with your younger son at the feet of the bishops you have refused to hear, and requesting of the

Church whom you are now oppressing, his substitution in place of his brother."

It was a true vision. Three years later, Philip the heir was thrown by his horse to the ground and died. Later, the King in the midst of his grief did as St. Bernard had foretold. It was St. Bernard who fortified the new Cistercian Order, founded a little while before by an Englishman named Stephen Harding. This Order of very strict monks (the white monks) became very popular in Ireland and Wales (Wales had many very large houses). It began to thrive in a day when the Church was getting rather lax. And St. Bernard never spared lax monks. He censured them for spending so much money on the ornamentation of their abbeys, their false veneration of valuable images, which they venerated, he said, not because of their meaning but because of their cost and beauty. (Don't worry if your rosary is a cheap one. If you say it well, it is as good as the most expensive one). Moreover, as St. Bernard was sometimes ordered out into the world, he saw that Catholics were far too concerned with fashion. So he told women: "Silk and purple and rouge have beauty but impart it not. Every such thing you apply to your bodies exhibits its own loveliness but leaves it not behind. The beauty that is put on with a garment and is put off with a garment belongs without doubt to the garment, not to the wearer."

AMONG his more difficult letters to understand is one in which he rebuked the Catholics of Lyons for celebrating the Feast of Our Lady's Conception. But there are three matters to take into account.

The first is that this happened many centuries before the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was defined. Until that time a Catholic might doubt it, though as time went on and the truth was unrolled, as it were, a Catholic would be more and more rash to deny it.

The second is that although St. Bernard is rightly called Mary's Doctor because he loved to teach concerning Our Lady and composed the Memorare, he was puzzled like many other theologians by the difficulties involved in Mary's unique status.

The third point shows St. Bernard's docility. At the end of his letter he realises that there is much that is hidden and he yields to any decision the Church might make in the future. He wrote in the early part of the 12th century. Not for 700 years was the Church ready to define the dogma.

No one can say St. Bernard slipped up here. He was just being very cautious as one who had extolled the glories of Mary—for the sake of her Son.

Many Protestants think that devotion to Mary leads us away from the adoration which we owe to God, the Son. St. Bernard corrects that appalling mistake. As a great doctor of the Church, he teaches and preaches constantly about Jesus.

"If thou writest, nothing therein has savour to me unless I read Jesus in it. If thou discoursest or conversest, nothing there is agreeable to me unless in it Jesus resounds".

IN this sense St. Bernard was utterly 'for Jesus only.' At a time of great crisis in the Church to which St. Bernard applied his great spiritual resources he wrote to Pope Innocent: "Whatever stains the Name of my most sweet Lord pierces my heart." In one of his most beautiful sermons he uttered these words: "This is constantly my highest philosophy, to know Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

And, of course, we know part of his "joyful rhyme" that begins, "Jesu, the very thought of Thee."

Now faith—real faith—in Christ, said St. Bernard, was the one thing needful. I need hardly say that this faith was not that sort of faith of those who profess faith but belie it in their evil deeds or lack of good works. Those who say 'Justification by faith *alone*' will not derive any support from St. Bernard.

No. St. Bernard's faith was living faith that goes with hope and charity. Cardinal Newman had somewhat to say of this when he wrote about "notional assent." It's not much use having a notional faith. It doesn't act in a man.

"I walk," declared St. Bernard, "in full assurance in the faith of the Creator of all things."

"Faith is not an opinion but a certitude."

IF St. Bernard had to reprimand the great and lordly ones, his was a warm, affectionate nature supercharged with grace. To one who had forsaken what St. Bernard regarded as his vows, he wrote so impassioned that he was ready to accuse himself. He was a French aristocrat whose conversion was as sudden as St. Paul's on the Damascus road. A man of honour, after he had pledged loyalty to Christ, he felt that laxity even of the smallest sort was coming precious near treason. But he was the tenderest of priests in the confessional and his letters to all kinds of people, including

FOR WORK IN HIS VINEYARD
— AT HOME AND ABROAD —
THE MASTER NEEDS MORE
PASSIONIST PRIESTS

and

PASSIONIST BROTHERS

Write to :—

DIRECTOR OF VOCATIONS,
MOUNT ARGUS,
DUBLIN.

poor girls, on all kinds of subjects (including the stealing of pigs!) show that he was well aware of the life lived by people "in the world."

St. Bernard's health began to fail early in his life as a monk. To cure him a doctor made him eat raw blood and rancid fat. A chance visitor found that he ate this repulsive food as though tasting nothing. He had many trials in addition to his very stern rule. A secretary stole his official seal and used it to embarrass him. His call for a crusade ended in disaster, and shouts of 'deceiver' and 'false prophet' were hurled at him. The truth was that beneath the apparent unity of Christendom there were unChristian hates among the Christian leaders of the crusades. Before the disaster, St. Bernard, wearied and ill, went towards Languedoc to combat a heretic who had done great damage to the Church there.

IT was a dear old friend of his, Archbishop Malachy of Ireland, who called on him en route to Rome. But the great Malachy died at Clairvaux where his body was laid to rest.

After the disaster of the Crusade, St. Bernard retired to his cell and wrote the greatest of his works (as some think) entitled *Consideration*. It was addressed to the Pope and in it he sketched an ideal Pope, exhorting his disciple Eugenius, to reproduce the virtues and aims he describes.

Now his health completely gave way, yet to the utter astonishment of his monks he rose up from what they deemed a death-bed to compose a quarrel between a baron and the citizens of Metz.

He returned to die but even then the bishop of Langres arrived to seek his advice. St. Bernard could no longer rouse himself but in a murmur he said: "I am pressed between two, not knowing whether to stay with you or to go to Christ, but I leave it to the will of God."

And so his ardent spirit fled to Jesus.

b y N E M O



YOU are never at a loss for a comment on anything, and, indeed, it is very often a harsh comment.

★ You know the "inside story" of every event and, quite often, it is a story reflecting little credit on anyone concerned.

● Someone launches an appeal for help for people who have suffered some loss, people who are really to be pitied.

● "Oh yes," you say, "the poor creatures must be in a bad way certainly—but—will you look at who is making the appeal!"

SOME innocent listener looks at the names you point out and asks what is wrong with these particular people, and gets the answer, "That's all you know. Fat lot of the money the victims will see, with that lot in charge of it."

That sort of statement is, of course, libellous and could get you into trouble with the law but you well know that nobody is going to bring news of a casual conversation to the notice of the authorities. You are quite safe from the law probably.

(So what matter about Christian charity. You don't even consider it as of the slightest importance).

YOU are the sort of person, I notice, who takes a poor view of the man who succeeds. Either he did it by means of "pull" or he was pushed in by someone with an axe to grind.

● You take an even poorer view of the man who fails. "That fellow never was any good" is the neat and complete epitaph you write about him.

★ You may be a successful person yourself or you may be a failure.

★ If you have success to boast of, you certainly let us hear about it. It is all due to yourself, to your wisdom and acuteness and keeping a jump ahead of the next man or woman. There is nobody to thank but yourself. You did it all.

Things I Notice About You—

You Know-All!

IF you are a failure—(and the greatest Know-All very often is)—you let us hear about that too. You got no chance. Everyone is against you. You aren't cute enough for the sort of people that are going nowadays. You're too straight. You have to be crooked to get on.

★ In other words, your whole outlook is based on selfishness, whether you have done well or badly.

IT'S the same with Know-Alls of every age and condition. The schoolboy knows why So-and-So was picked for the school team. He mutters about it darkly and we gather that it was just favouritism. Same old story. But if he were the one picked—why then it would be on merit alone and everyone else would be supposed to be mad jealous, even if nobody cared a hoot really.

● And the schoolgirl, spiteful about someone else getting the part she herself wanted in the school play, is another sample of Know-All. She can tell you the reason So-and-So got it. And it is never a very creditable reason.

ILL-WILL is the basis of the Know-All's reasoning. He or she has no kindly thought towards people. The Know-All hates, not loves, his or her neighbour, resents any successes that come to others, distrusts the motives of others, has not a good word to say for anybody.

★ What sort of foundation for living is that? Now, face up to it sensibly. Can it help you or anyone?

Take it from the lowest standpoint—How can anything be accomplished if people cannot trust one another?

THAT attitude tears society to bits. Each of us would need to carry a club, like cave-men, to be safe from all the crooks and blackguards. You point them out to us, everywhere, in every walk of life.

"Politicians!" you say and scoff.

"Lawyers!" you scoff—

(And, whisper, did someone hear you say "Don't talk to me about the Church!" and scoff?).

● Faith, trust, love, these are constructive. They build. They draw people together.

● Hate, ill-will—these scatter people, drive them apart, break up efforts to do good.

● Hate is an atom-bomb.

BEHAVE like a Christian, will you! You, Know-All who know nothing of the real meaning of life, of life as it should be lived by poor human beings who fell and were raised up again in God's mercy, and must struggle hard to keep from sinking again into the mire.



SERIAL STORY



THE HAPPY HEARTS

By
EILY McADAM

CHAPTER 7

The Story So Far: *Marion Davis, who has come to Ireland to visit her dead mother's friend, Mrs. Carroll, is set on marrying Aidan, heir to the Carroll business, as a remedy for her precarious financial position, resulting from neglecting the London gown-shop her mother left to her.*

"IT was no sort of picture to take Marion to." Mr. Carroll declared, at the tea-table, when his wife told of her disgust with the film they had seen in town that afternoon.

Marion seated opposite to Aidan at the table, watched for his reaction but could gather nothing from his grave dark face. Then he spoke:

"If they can't get decent films, they should get none."

Was he serious? she wondered, or merely saying what was expected of him. She inclined to the latter view and treated him to a covert smile.

"That's what I told the manager," his mother said.

"Good for you," Aidan laughed, and Marion felt sure he had only been playing up to his parents, the more so as he proceeded to announce that he was going out with the lads, that night, and would be late.

"Don't wait up, mother," he said. "We're driving out to Hennegan's and there'll be a few games of cards probably."

"Don't be too late," his father warned.

MARION retired early, and, with a book, a cigarette and a nice fire, settled, in her room, to a cosy laze until Ellie would bring up a supper-tray at ten o'clock. She did not read, however but lighted cigarette after cigarette, as she pondered over her own affairs. Eric Weldon's frank declaration that the London shop was not worth the price she hoped to get and was going further downhill brought her up against the fact that she must sell it, or close down. She could not afford its upkeep any longer.

Then she had an inspiration. Get rid of the London shop, for whatever could be obtained for it, on the pretence that she was going to start a business in Ireland. That would give her the needed excuse to stay.

SHE rose, found writing-paper and a pen and wrote a terse note to Gladys telling her that she was not coming back and was arranging for the sale of the shop.

She had propped the letter up on the mantelpiece for posting in the morning, when there was a tap on the door. To her "Come in," Mrs. Carroll entered, carrying a tray.

"I sent Ellie to bed," she announced cheerfully, "The poor thing was tired."

"How good of you." Marion rose and took the tray and, as she set it on the fireside table, she added, "I am particularly glad you came yourself. I want to talk to you about something. Can you stay a while?"

"To be sure, I can. Wait now. I'm having a cup of cocoa. I'll go down and get it and have it here with you. Then we can talk."

Her brief absence enabled Marion to rehearse her story.

Mrs. Carroll had, in fact, decided to bring Marion's supper up so as to speak a friendly word to her. She felt a bit guilty about her hard thoughts concerning the girl that afternoon at the pictures. Poor Marion, she told herself, had been brought up in England, where things were different from this country. It wasn't the girl's fault if she didn't see things the same way people here saw them.

So Marion's opening sentence, when they were both seated at the fire, went down well.

"You know," Marion began, in a quiet voice, "I have been telling you I hate to go back to London. I'm not a child. I can take care of myself but, still, the position of an unprotected girl in London is—is not just too safe. I wouldn't be living alone, of course. I would go to a boarding-house. But—do you understand?"

"Of course, child. It's difficult isn't it? There's the business."

"I have a plan. I think it was a sort of inspiration. But you'll tell me your opinion. I—I'm going to sell the London business and start some sort of little business here in Ireland. I don't want much. I love Ireland."

"Child, you must have been praying," Mrs. Carroll exclaimed. "It's a grand plan. I have no great value for English ways myself, and this is your mother's country, where her heart ever was, even though she had to make a living for the two of you over there, when your father died."

TEARS came into Marion's eyes. "Oh, I'm so glad you approve. I was afraid you might think me weak or foolish."

"Well, I don't. I think this is a better country to live in, even if there's more money to be made in England."

Marion wept openly.

"You are so good to me, so understanding."

Mrs. Carroll rose and went to the girl and, with a quick motherly gesture, drew the golden head against her breast, and spoke soothing words to her. With the slim girlish form in her arms, she felt more ashamed than ever that she had judged her harshly. "There now, don't cry," she coaxed, "You just get things fixed up and we'll find a shop for you here and you'll be so happy you won't know yourself."

Next morning, Mrs. Carroll came to her with a troubled face, while she was having breakfast.

"Aidan's not home," she said, "I went to call him. He hasn't been in bed."

"Now, don't worry. He'll turn up," Marion consoled her. "Probably the car broke down."

"But this never happened before. I'm terribly afraid something has happened to him."

Marion's thoughts were not for publication. 'He slipped up this time,' she was thinking, 'he forgot about his mamma, whatever he was up to.'

A tap came to the door and Nance Gray put her head in.

"It's all right, Mrs. Carroll. He was on the phone. His father spoke to him. The car broke down."

THE relief on her face told plainly that she, too, had been badly worried.

"Oh, thank God. God be thanked," Mrs. Carroll exclaimed and went out with Nancy to seek further particulars from her husband.

Marion Davis smiled to herself. The car broke down, the good old excuse.

Aidan returned an hour later, and Marion listened, with every appearance of sympathy, while he related to his mother and herself the story of how they had gone to leave a chap home and got stuck on a bog-road miles from anywhere. But later, when she encountered him on his own she spoke playfully.

"Naughty, naughty."

He looked at her, puzzled.

"Now, now," she said, "Mamma may believe that nice little fairy-tale about the bog-road. Ah well, boys will be boys."

He took it as an idle joke and gave as good as he got:

"How did you know? I took a gorgeous blonde out to supper and the champagne was too fizzy. Don't tell ma."

"Another fairy-tale but more like the truth," she countered.

He laughed gaily.

"You wouldn't believe I'd do the like, now, would you? Besides, if it was a gorgeous blonde I was looking for I wouldn't go past yourself."

At least, he had admitted that he noticed her good looks, she thought, even though the remark was jocose.

She drew another compliment from him on the day they went to the Races, and this time, there was the ring of sincerity in his voice.

She had dressed, with great care, in a smart costume of jade green, with black accessories and a tiny black hat that revealed her golden hair. He had stared at her when she appeared.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed, "There'll be a riot. I'm telling you there's no scarcity of good-looking girls around these parts but nothing like

yourself was ever seen before." He went to the door that connected house and shop and called "Nance."

"Look, Nance," he said, when she came in answer to his call, "Will you look at this, that I'm taking to the Races."

"You look lovely," Nance told her sincerely, and with no touch of envy in her voice, "The hat sets off your hair and that colour suits you." She turned to smile at Aidan, "You may well be proud. And you don't look so bad yourself."

Marion was moved to say, "What a pity you couldn't come."

Nance laughed lightly, "There would be too much style about for me."

SO it proved. Marion was surprised alike by the fashionable attire of many women and the careless dress of others, notably young girls in the twenties, who were obviously there to see and enjoy the races, without a thought of evoking interest from the other people present. She also found that Aidan Carroll made quite a good squire-of-dames and, even amongst a group of good-looking young men, was noticeable for his well-groomed appearance and a certain air of good breeding.

A group, indeed, soon gathered round the pair, young men and girls, all of whom seemed to know Aidan. Some of them Marion had met already, either at the dance to which Aidan had taken her, or casually, on other occasions. When the "Duke" McGovern joined them, almost looking the part in sporting tweeds, he paused, dramatically.

"Behold the Happy Hearts, *en masse*," he exclaimed, "plus the flower of Ireland's womanhood. And who's milking the cows today, Patrick?" he demanded of a tall man whom Marion knew already as Patrick O'Neill, and who owned large farming lands. He was older than most of the group—in his late thirties, well-built, with pleasant, rugged features and attired in well-cut worn tweeds. He gave the Duke a slow smile but made no other reply. That loquacious gentleman scarcely waited for one. He had turned to greet two girls, who were Patrick O'Neill's sisters and who had taken Marion's eye, the moment they joined the group. They were of equal height, above the average of women, with graceful figures and charming, expressive faces. They looked the same age, but Maeve, who was dark-haired was twenty-six, two years younger than the fair-haired Rosa.

THEY were not slow in repartee and a gay exchange took place between them and the Duke.

What fascinated Marion Davis was that their tea-rose complexions owed nothing to make-up and they had made no attempt at fashionable attire. The dark Maeve wore a loose red coat and Rosa a grey-blue tweed costume. They were hatless and without jewellery or other accessories.

For the first time in her life, Marion Davis felt envious of the unstudied charm that could dispense with the troublesome business of planning what to wear and the hours of tending complexion and hair and all the rest of it.

She noticed, suddenly, that Aidan was deep in conversation with the dark Maeve and seemed to have forgotten her presence.

(To be continued)

cinema guide

G.A. Suitable for General Audiences

A.A. Suitable for Adult Audiences

O.P. Objectionable in part

O. Objectionable

ANNA LUCASTA: An all-negro cast in a sordid story of a girl's fall after being driven from home by a tyrannical father. Eventual regeneration is only hinted at. (A.A.)

APACHE TERRITORY: Well-made Western with routine story. (G.A.)

BANDIT OF ZHOBE: Victor Mature versus the British in India. Adventure melodrama with plenty of action. (G.A.)

BEGGAR STUDENT, THE: Refreshing German production with enchanting music and expert dancing in a colourful setting. (G.A.)

BULLWHIP: Will bring tears of frustration to Western fans. A woman's efforts to play a man's part in running a transportation company she has inherited. (G.A.)

CHILD AND THE KILLER, THE: Unpretentious but tense thriller about a maniac on the loose in England. (A.A.)

CITY OF FEAR: A city in panic, a race against time to trace radio-active cobalt in Chicago. Suspenseful but pedestrian. (G.A.)

COMPULSION: Two wealthy and brilliant students brutally killed a young boy in Chicago about 25 years ago. This examines the make-up of the boys and is a plea for the abolition of capital punishment. Great acting all round. Welles is magnificent. Serious fare. (A.A.)

FATEFUL NIGHT: Who killed a British Intelligence officer in Africa? Made for a TV series. Mildly interesting. (G.A.)

FORBIDDEN ISLAND: Only one good point—under-water photography. (A.A.)

HANGING TREE, THE: Competently produced, finely acted, suspenseful Western. (A.A.)

HIS BUTLER'S SISTER: Re-issue of one of the many pleasant Deanna Durbin light romantic musicals. (G.A.)

HONG KONG AFFAIR: Intrigue with an authentic ring. Above average of its type. (G.A.)

I ONLY ARSKED!: Insanity at its best—or worst, according to your outlook. (G.A.)

JOURNEY, THE: The foreword says: "Photographed between Budapest and the Austro-Hungarian border." But this is not, and originally was not intended to be, a story of the ill-fated 1956 Revolution. Our sympathy for the Hungarians, so eloquent 2½ years ago, is never aroused. Without decrying the film's entertainment content as a whole, it seems pertinent to ask whether it is not left wing in tendency. The Russian was only trying to help (the message seems to run), but the Hungarians did not understand. (A.A.)

LAST ROSE, THE: The childish story is not redeemed by the dignified acting of the young good-looking Chinese actress who plays the nun.

MADELEINE AND HER LEGIONAIRES: A pretty French teacher becomes involved in the desertion of Foreign Legionaries (a German, an Italian and an Irishman). Moderate fare. (G.A.)

MAN IN THE NET, THE: What looked like an intelligent film turned into a simple "whodunit" with confused motivations and an unreal end. The children were quite winning; Alan Ladd was miscast. (G.A.)

MAN IN THE RAINCOAT, THE: Fernandel as his very lovable self. But this time he is in serious trouble with international crooks and is worried most of the time. (G.A.)

PARTY GIRL: Chicago gangsterism in the early '30s. Gun battles brilliantly effective; brutality mentioned, but hardly witnessed; denouement predictable but barely credible. Should be a hit with crime-thriller fans. (A.A.)

SCREAMING MIMI: Unsatisfactory excursion into the realm of the psychological. Even adults will be puzzled by this rubbish. (A.A.)

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL: This fictional account of the Black and Tan times is a good thriller by anyone's standards. One or two scenes are unsuitable for the young. (A.A.)

SOUND AND THE FURY, THE: One is tempted to finish the quotation—"signifying nothing." Everybody draws, sometimes incoherently, in this loose adaptation of William Faulkner's novel of failing family fortunes in the Deep South. (A.A.)

STAKEOUT ON DOPE STREET: Better than average attempt to portray the horrors of drug addiction and the consequences of dope peddling. (A.A.)

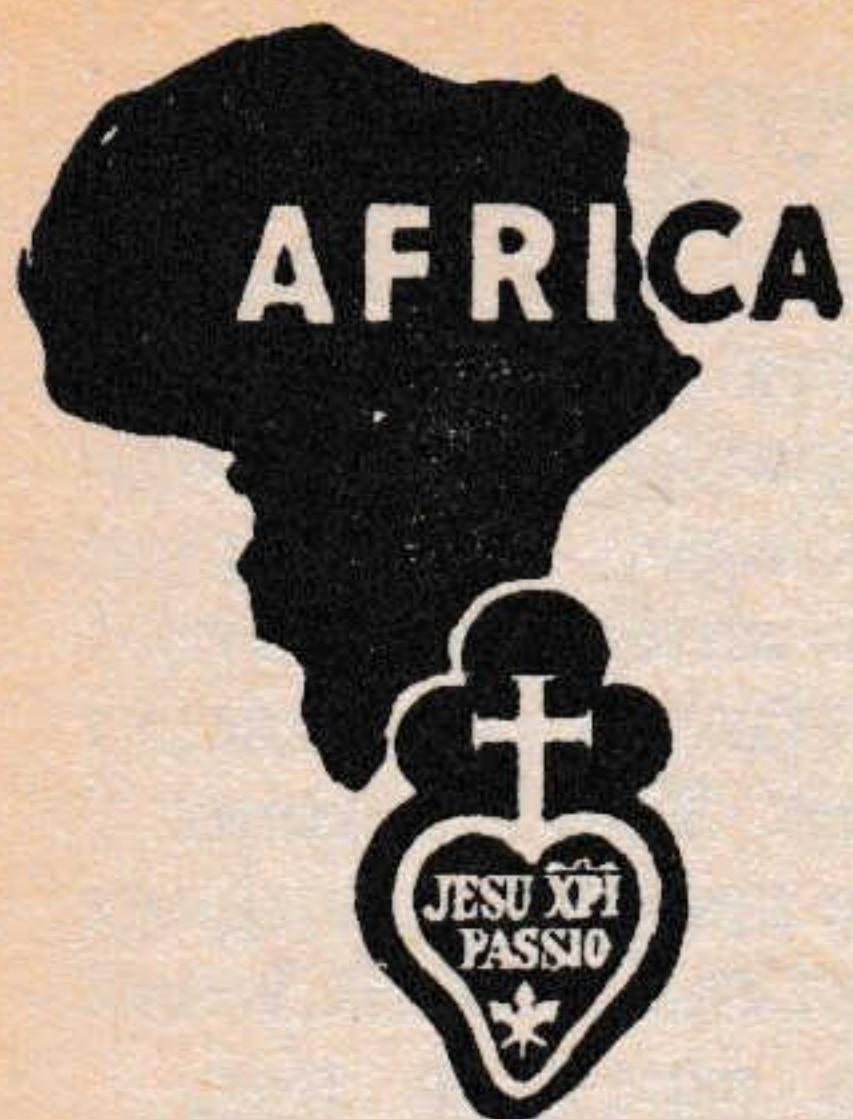
TARAWA BEACHHEAD: Is the Lieutenant a coward or a hero? Battle scenes aplenty. (G.A.)

39 STEPS, THE: The building up of tension for individual scenes, the unexpected shocks and the charming intermingled sequences (though sometimes titillating) keep the interest alive and prevent us from considering the improbability of the whole thing. Pleasant entertainment for adults. (A.A.)

TOO MANY CROOKS: A most ridiculous bunch of crooks manage to despoil a businessman of the money he has "saved" from the income tax people. Apart from a few vulgarities, has its quota of laughs. (G.A.)

TOSCA: Straightforward rendering of Puccini's opera in Cinemascope and Eastmancolour. A must for opera lovers. (G.A.)

UP PERISCOPE!: Routine World War II submarine drama with James "Maverick" Garner as the hero. But (unlike "Torpedo Run") this includes a completely unnecessary and questionable love scene. (G.A.)



FOR CHRIST

OUR MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

BY ESSEM SEEGH

COMING up to exam time here, there is invariably a "run" on week-ends. The "run" tends to develop into a scuffle as the different members of the staff vie with one another in a desperate, last-minute bid to knock the nonsense out of heads that are soon to commit themselves—and us—on paper. By some freak of fortune I managed to salvage a few minutes one Saturday morning for a "once over" on Hamlet with the Senior Matrics. We were hammering away at the ghost scene in good earnest when all of a sudden there was a stampede. Like so many arrows from a single bow, the four lads, my full class, shot through the doorway—for which I was thankful, it might easily have been the window—and vanished.

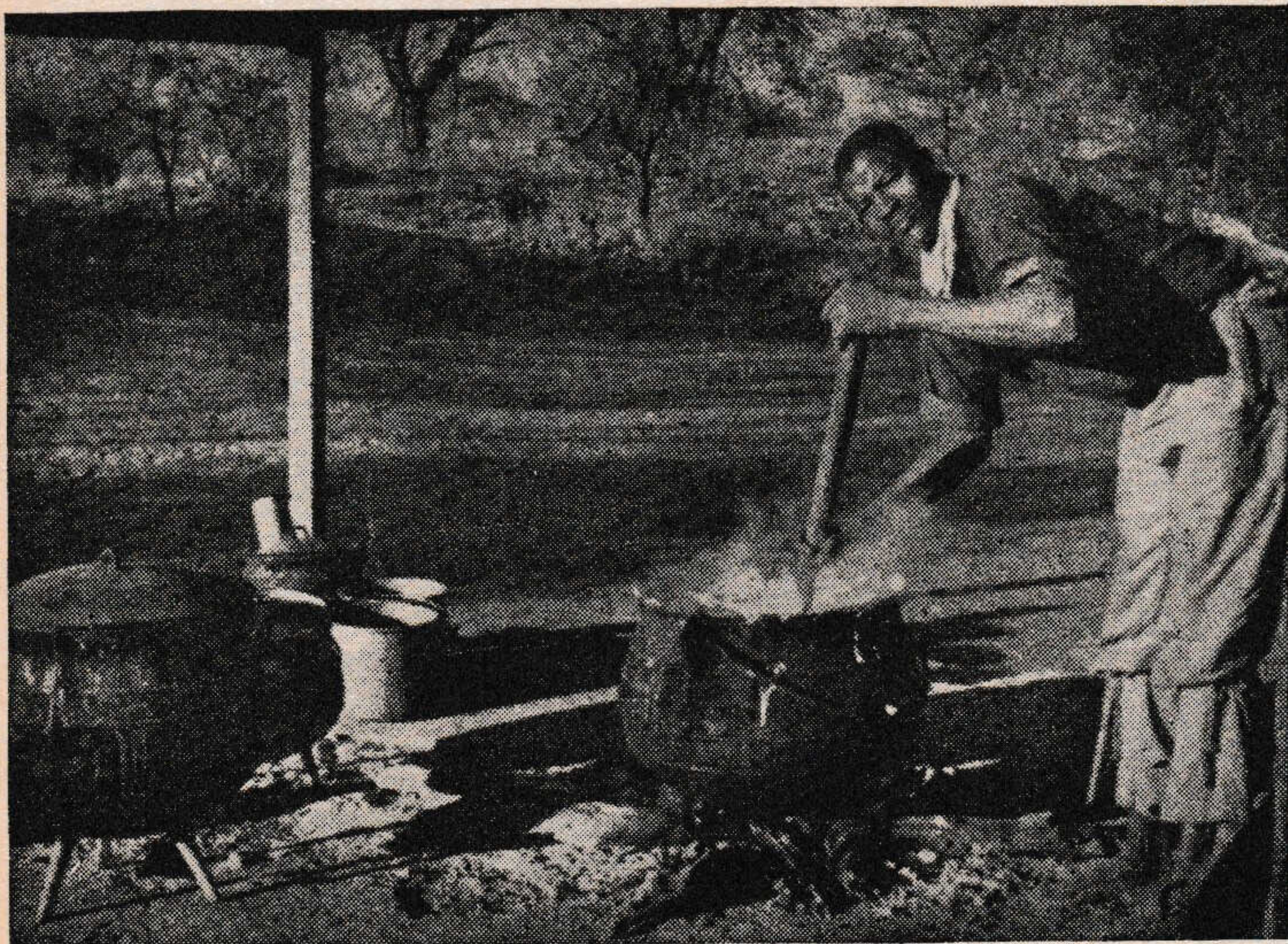
HAVING recovered my bearings I proceeded to reconnoitre. An innocent khudu, apparently, in transit from its hide-out among the Khale hills, was short-circuiting to pastures athwart a neighbouring

Koppie, and had the misfortune to pass within eye-range of the school. Operations were instantly suspended all round, and in a flash, without mount or pack, the hunt was in full cry. Hours later the procession appeared at the end of the avenue, led by Stephen the head boy, with his Hamlet in one hand and a ham of khudu in the other. (On his dusky countenance was an expression of ineffable bliss such as Shakespeare had never succeeded in evoking). The procession came to a halt outside George's quarters, the "kill" was handed over, and things in general resumed their normal course. We hadn't laid the ghost—but that was quite beside the point. We had waylaid the khudu.

GEORGE, by the way, is the College cook. He has already made his appearance in the pages of THE CROSS. He was also aide-de-cuisine on Ordination Day at Ramoutsa—we lend him round on occasion—so there's no need of

further introduction. He doubles for a cobbler when any clients offer; and there's an obvious connection between the two avocations in his case. He keeps his cobbling apparatus cheek by jowl with the kill. George will mend your shoes for you and give you a good run for your money. You'll certainly get back a good deal more shoe than you gave, and the chances are that you'll not recognise the original above its home-cured sole. You've no guarantee what company it has kept in the interim.

No doubt he has a good deal to put up with in his daily round. To quote but one example. Two of the men teachers went shares in a portable zinc bath recently at a time when the water shortage was particularly acute. They lugged their novel and ill-timed purchase from one empty tap to another until finally they lit on George's reserve supply for kitchen use. They were in the act of helping themselves to his four buckets when he caught them. He grabbed the leg of an ox he was chopping up for the day's square meal, and away with him in full gallop after the two delinquents. We tried to remonstrate with him that that was no way to handle a leg of anything in or out of the hide, but George was quick to reply that



BY GEORGE!

We hope we may be pardoned the exclamation! But there is reason for it. We have just learned that the subject of this very live and instructive mission photograph is called George. When it appeared in our pages some years ago he was lost in the anonymity of his profession. We shamelessly called him the 'School Cook'. We had entertained genius unawares. How fortunate that some 'howlers' can be unhowled. In this article Essem Seegh makes the 'amende honorable'—par Georges!



and—

BY BARROW!

The Mission Wheelbarrow has also appeared in our pages and some reference has been made offhandedly to its usefulness, but like George and Solomon before him, not one half of its wonders has been told. In the present article omissions have been made up, but we still feel that African inventiveness has not yet completely exhausted the use of the wheelbarrow. Tilted a little and with the aid of a foot rest it might serve as a comfortable easy chair for Essem Seegh; while if turned upside down and its wheel set in motion it might prove an effective knife sharpener for George.

the ox was the first to use it as a weapon. He is never at a loss for a witty answer. Nor is William, "the College Tailor."

WILLIAM doesn't get much scope for professional service in these parts, things being as they are, but he does a brisk business in the patch-work line. And patch-work it is in the truest sense, blue patch on brown corduroys, and the contemporary design held together by a halo of dog's teeth stitching. Quite recently it was discovered that there was some flaw or other in his marriage and he was urged to set things to rights. On the appointed day he and his bride arrived at the Mission for the ceremony proper, William, according to local etiquette, carrying the bouquet. In the course of the preliminaries he was asked to produce the letter from his chief—he hails from Nyasaland—declaring him to be a bona-fide subject for Matrimony. Poor William's face fell. He had overlooked that side of things completely, and without that letter proceedings were at a standstill. Sadly he left the sacristy. He hung the bouquet on a pepper-corn tree outside the church and turned his face towards home. He hasn't shown up since. And the Bride still waits.

THERE is another William on the premises—William Junior, an orphan picked up in the wilds of the Kalahari by the captain of the Mounted Police, and duly handed over to the custody of the Mission. He is reading for Std. II this year at Forest Hill and in his off hours he does handy man round the place. He'll wring the neck of a rooster or two for the big Feasts, and he'll pluck the feathers, mark you, in return for the head and legs. He'll tip the dust bin for a bigger bribe. William has an extensive wardrobe of hand-me-downs, but in fact he is quite choosy about his clothes. Last Christmas he turned up his nose at a brand new shirt that Sr. Damien had made for him from a piece of nice green check left over after curtains and counterpanes. He refused point blank to have anything to do with the thing until its offensive connection was camouflaged in a dash of white piping on collars, cuffs and pockets. He does his own laundry, as do many of his fellows, in the Mission wheelbarrow.

THE potentialities of the Mission wheelbarrow are practically inexhaustible. It is convertible into anything from an improvised wash tub to a grand stand; in fact it is

liable to turn up at any function, time or place on the Mission. It has served as an emergency ambulance for Dispensary patients, and of late I've seen it conscripted for a luggage van.

While the final test was in progress on closing day last term, the thing was parked at the ready outside a classroom door, with Aloysius' effects on the loose and in full view. After he had finished his paper and handed it in, he pushed the lot before him to the railway siding, tumbled the contents into a compartment and detailed William Junior to return the conveyance to base... But then I've seen Marcus make a hat stand of our sole contribution to the arts a gilt framed Sistine Madonna; and right now there's somebody sporting a parchment lamp shade for a boater... and it wouldn't be without precedent if somebody else was trying to sell us our own eggs at the back door.

YOU see there's no hard and fast line of demarcation between properties here—landed or otherwise. The school grounds, for instance, are a right of way for graders, tractors and five ton trucks to the quarry. They are ox-track and hen-run to boot. You'll see the cutest little buggy drawn by a brace of donkeys, slipping past to the Dispensary, if you look through a window at one side; and on the other, your line of vision will be held by a drove of oxen or by Mma Moruti's yearlings, while an intelligent looking goat is framed in the doorway. The chickens and turkeys are carrying on their own mode of life on the door step. Our mission life is never dull, but truly rural, thoroughly agricultural and full of the unexpected.

And so the day goes by until the hills around us are mere silhouettes against bespangled blue. The chickens and William Junior have gone to roost, the goats and oxen are in their kraals, and the peace of Africa's lovely night enfolds her sleeping children and their Missionaries.

P.S. Sorry it's such a mess. Darkness has fallen and the lamp is dim—that's partly to blame. Honorius (Matric) is finishing off an article for you on the Customs of his people. I shall forward it when ready.

The Mission Editor is deeply grateful for such a delectable 'mess' and is all for the dim lamp, if it produces another such. He has received Honorius' effort and will print it with portrait in August.



SAINT GABRIEL'S GUILD

◆ LETTERS TO FRANCIS—THE CROSS, MOUNT ARGUS, DUBLIN. ◆

My dear Gabriels,

Are you all enjoying the holidays now that summer, golden happy summer, has at last come amongst us, filling the earth with her wondrous beauty, with radiant flowers and soft airs, with the blue sky and bright clouds floating above? Francis can hear many a shout of laughter and many a song of glee from the young people as they roam the highways or wander by the sea-girth places these glad vacation days. All are revelling in the delightful sunshine that the good God has sent us this year and rejoicing in a spell of freedom from study.

Life would be dull, indeed, if it were all a holiday and after a well earned rest most of you will be eager and happy to return to school life and to work again with renewed zest. It is a consoling thought that St. Benedict says that work is a prayer and that our ordinary daily duties done well can sanctify the soul and lead us heavenwards.

THE POPE AND SICK CHILDREN

It may interest our members to hear that some months ago a Sick Children's Day was held in all parts of Italy. This was done to let all Christian people know of the problems and sufferings of little sick children in places throughout the world. It was arranged by the Italian Catholic Action group and was a great success.

Our Holy Father, Pope John XXIII, who is so full of simplicity, kindness and warmth, and, who has such tenderness of heart for sick children and for the poor, spoke beautifully in a message to the suffering children and gave them a special blessing.

Hear the Pope's words: "As Jesus loved and always loves with a special predilection (liking) the little ones who belong to the Kingdom of Heaven so we wish

to be near, by means of our Paternal affection all those beloved children to whom at a tender age so full of hope, the painful way of the Cross is already open.

We assure all of these beloved children that our prayers ceaselessly go up to the Lord to ask Him with great confidence to restore health to those who ask it of Him and to grant peace and comfort in the midst of suffering and filial resignation to His holy will.

At the same time we invite them to offer their sufferings for the Holy Church, for the conversion of sinners and for lasting peace; just as we also do to urge healthy persons to give double thanks to God for the gift of health and to stimulate activities to cure sickness and alleviate suffering among children in a spirit of charity and gratitude."

NEW CHURCHES, HOSPITALS AND SCHOOLS

Now, my little friends, take the Holy Father's words to your hearts and pray much for his intentions for the little afflicted children of the world who are tormented by bodily ailments and also for the afflicted in soul because they have not got the light and joyous gift of the true Faith. There is no suffering to compare with this pain of loss. They have not Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to make the way of life easy.

May God send many priests, brothers and nuns to help all—to open new churches, hospitals and schools. How many of you will follow the beautiful feet of Christ by becoming Passionists? Now is the time to think of it.

LIKE GREAT COLOURED BLOSSOMS

The letters of my friends are pleasant to read this month and the essays are really delightful. Some of our young writers paint vivid pen-pictures of their libraries. Several excellent essays on this subject. Others show us the real delights that can be found in the hayfields. There is many an exile who must long to be back at the hayfields of home. No tea ever tasted more delicious than that sipped with the workers. "Eventually lunch time arrived," says **Pauline Fahy**, "I did most of the

serving. There were buns, oven-baked brown bread meat sandwiches and many other things and, of course, plenty of sweet fresh tea. After this a lazy quarter of an hour passed. Then all the nearby children came in to give a helping hand. It was a pleasant scene. All the girls, gay in their summer frocks were like great coloured blossoms tossing about the hay and the boys were burying one another in the hay, and had to be dug out between shouts of merriment and laughter.

White clouds floated lazily across the blue sky. Everyone worked as hard and as quickly as possible and when tea time came all the work was nearly finished. Tea over, the work re-started again: turn and toss, turn and toss, until there was nothing else to be done."

Nuala Lynch of Lanesboro School sends six large sheets of paper conveying her essay. She has given a great account of the hayfields. "Reluctantly I tore myself from contemplation of the scene, and slowly made my way up the hill towards the hayfield. As I approached, a chorus of talk and laughter could be heard. The field was alive with industry. Work! work! work! was the slogan in the hayfield. I could hear the jangling of the forks as two or three people made for the same pile of hay.

I watched with interest as each one did his own share of the task, then seeing that there was one fork idle, I went to make myself useful. Soon I was at work as hard as any man in the field. I worked until the sweat ran down my brow.... At twelve o'clock the Angelus bell rang and I silently spoke and reflected on those beautiful thought-filled words of Mary and the Angel

There are many essays on hay-making, but it is not possible to give more extracts from them. Francis is sorry.

WENT TO BALDOYLE HOSPITAL

Our Clonmel friends had a wonderful day in Dublin, **Eileen Fennessy** tells us. They visited many places and went to see the "poor handicapped children at

The 'Read' Cross!

I had a lovely letter from Africa recently that I want to tell you about. It was from a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool Wobb. At least he was a Black Baby some years ago. He is now a matriculation Student at St. Joseph's College, Bechuanaland and he has sent me an article, which I will publish in August. It is about the Customs of his Tribe. He says 'I hope it will be worth publishing in the 'Red Cross'.'

Of course it should be 'Read Cross'. We are 'read' everywhere. So watch out for the August Cross. I have his picture too.

Meanwhile let me put you up to date with the B.B.B.B. You may take this as our Half Yearly Statement of Pings, Bawbees and Coppers you have lodged and which will be sent to the Wobbs on Mission Sunday in October.

E.O.B. (Lally Road, Ballyfermot) sent 60; My Old Aged Pensioners have offered up more snuff and tobacco and sent me 2,400 more Pings—God reward them!; Anni Quinti (Kilcullen) salvaged 1,260 from a ship wreck. The TOTAL now is 7,705. Can we make it 12,000 by October? It's in the bag.

Dorothy Marnell's mass has been said. Hope all my helpers have a gorgeous holiday with African sun.

God Love You All,

MISSION EDITOR.



Baldoyle." Thanks for the cutting from paper about the outing. Francis was very interested in it. Catherine Carroll says "We had a recording made of our choir. It is for the All-Ireland final of choirs. Today we had a man from *Radio Review* to take our photos. Our little Shrine to St. Anthony is just finished." He is helping to make our Clonmel members famous.

Glad to get letters from Lily Byrne, Mary Francis Burke, Eileen Bermingham, Maree Butler, Ann Williams and Bernardine Cleary. All like doing the competitions. Marie Hannon was unable to come to Dublin, but says those who stayed at home "had a lovely day too." Her letter is enjoyable. Hope you will all win the big prize, Nora Pollard. Francis will be so happy cheering for our young members. Kathleen Tobin and Rosemarie Sumner are amongst the very best in our Guild.

A LETTER TO TREASURE

It is very cheering to receive such a charming letter as Mary Sheridan writes from Lanesboro. In the course of it she says "On behalf of the pupils of this school I avail myself of this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to you for the various prizes received during the year. It would be difficult to express fully both the pleasure and good we derived from the books and also from THE CROSS.

Regarding the essays I heartily congratulate you on the interesting and engrossing topics chosen which,

needless to state, afforded us first-class pleasure and scope.

Now it is bed-time and time to say Good-bye, but before going to the land of slumber I wish you a thoroughly enjoyable holiday with abundance of sun and fun on behalf of the Gabriels of St. Joseph's."

MARY SHERIDAN.

The following members are highly commended for fine essays:—Margaret Cronin, Mary Sheridan, Eileen McGrath, Patricia Mullooly, Mary Garan, Mavis Hodgkinson, Angela Ive, Rosemarie Sumner, Teresa Southan, Ann Williams, Bernardine Cleary, Nora Pollard, Marie Hannon, Mary Higgins, Noel Ó Sé, Eleanor Fennessy, Lily Byrne, Catherine Carroll, Mary F. Burke, Kathleen Tobin, Eileen Bermingham, Pauline Whitehouse, Maree Butler.

Noel Ó Sé of Ballyferriter is most welcome. St. Gabriel likes to see boys like Noel trooping in. Your essay is full of merit. Noel's Mammy is a teacher and says THE CROSS is a very good book. Mary and Jim Lunden received honours in Music exam. Jim "won a grand penknife for four-legged race at the Sports."

HOW "THE CROSS" CAME TO OUR HOME

"My name is Teresa Commerford. I am a pupil of the Presentation Convent, Warrenmount. Some months ago I received a prize from you and I promised to tell you the story of how THE CROSS came to our home.

Many years ago, and before I was born, my Mammy was very ill and was being attended to by the Little Sisters of the Assumption. One day Sister Joseph was telling Daddy the story of Teresa Neuman and Daddy would not believe it no matter how Sister tried to convince him of her sufferings. One morning a copy of THE CROSS was put in through the letter box of our home and in it was the story of Teresa Neuman, written by a Passionist Father who had made a visit to her. We made enquiries from Sister and friends as to who sent the book but it was not until some time later that we discovered that the newsagent had delivered the book to our house by mistake. Ever since that day we have been buying THE CROSS and would not be without it. This, Francis is the story relating to THE CROSS." It is a wonderful story, Teresa. The ways of God are strange and mysterious. Nothing is impossible to Him.

COMPETITION

(14-18)

ESSAY: AN INCIDENT IN LIFE OF BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKET.

(Under 14)

LETTER: MY HOME LIFE.

SEND BEFORE JULY 1st.

Francis awards prizes this month to:

MARGARET CRONIN, Convent of Mercy, Ballymahon, Co. Longford.

NUALA LYNCH, St. Joseph's School, Lanesboro, Co. Longford.

PAULINE FAHY, Sisters of Charity, Morton Street, Clonmel.

talking about books . . .

THE CHALLENGE OF THE RETARDED CHILD.

By Sister Mary Theodore, O.S.F., Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. pp. 199. \$3.95.

Sister Theodore has given us a realistic and hopeful document. If experience teaches, then she must have acquired a great mass of knowledge of the often heart-breaking problems connected with retarded children. Almost her entire religious life has been spent as a teacher and supervisor at St. Coletta's School for Exceptional Children, in Jefferson, Wisconsin. The present volume offers the fruit of her long years of success and failure, of slow experiment and sympathetic understanding. There is here no dry-as-dust analysis, but rather a simple discussion of the various types of retardation with which she has dealt—the extremely retarded, the trainable and those who are merely slow learners. Throughout, she is guided by sound scientific knowledge and by the deep realisation that every child, retarded or otherwise, is the beloved of God.

D.C.P.

WHAT IS THE TRINITY? By Bernard Piault **WHAT IS LIFE? By Rene Biot.**

These two volumes (Burns & Oates. 7/6d. each) belong to the 'Faith and Fact' Series. The first deals with a subject that is nothing if not profound—so profound, indeed, that even preachers of the Gospel tend to shy away from it. "The Blessed Trinity is seldom preached from the Christian pulpit." This fact, the author ranks as one of the sins of our times. But, he declares, the Mystery of God "must not remain hidden in books for specialists, or the world will die of hunger." He therefore endeavours to set before the layman food which is suitable, not for the professor, but for a hungry adult. Excellent fare, indeed, but some will consider it overly strong. Rene Biot is, naturally, more down to earth in that he deals not with the Life of God, but with the life of animal and man. Chemistry, comparative anatomy, general zoology, psychology, theology—these and a dozen other sciences are summoned to the author's aid in his brilliant attempt to provide us with a greater understanding of life—from its lowest to its highest form—upon this planet. **WHAT IS LIFE?** must fill the reader with a great awe for God's earthly creation.

D.C.P.

THIS IS YOUR TOMORROW AND TODAY.

By Rev. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. pp. 207. \$3.95.

Here is a book to buy and read if only because of its wonderful opening chapter. It begins with a letter of doom from a woman who tells Fr. Raymond that her husband (the author's brother) has cancer of the lung. We take that letter with us right through the book like a leit-motif. At many points, the author shocks us into the realisation that every moment of time is loaded with eternal consequences, and that, while sorrow is man's companion upon earth, he was fashioned for glory. The argument is loosely built around the Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary. Now don't let this last sentence put

you off buying and reading the book. You will not be presented with a dry-as-dust thesis, but rather with the living problems of living people seen and solved in the light of God's eternal truth.

D.C.P.

PRIDE—THIEF OF THE HOLOCAUST.

By Rev. Mgr. Charles Hugo Doyle. Bruce. pp. 209. \$3.75.

This is more than an attack on that thief that robs so many of so much. It teaches many a sound positive lesson on humility and on how it can be acquired by religious. Discussed also are two virtues closely allied to humility—purity and love of God. There are practical chapters, too, on such cankerous things as boastfulness, hypocrisy and discord. As one might have expected, in view of the book's title, the theme of disobedience holds an important place in Monsignor Doyle's treatment of the root vice. Indeed the volume has many merits, not the least of which is the satisfyingly large number of practical examples. What a pity, therefore, that some pages (e.g., p. 132) are marred by such unconvincing illustrations.

D.C.P.

LIFE OF UNION WITH MARY.

By Emil Neubert, S.M., S.T.D. Bruce. pp. 255. \$4.95.

Father Neubert's zeal for union with Mary makes one feel that a latter-day de Montfort has risen up amongst us. Much of his life has been devoted to the fostering of an informed devotion to the Mother of God. The present volume—a translation of *La Vie d'Union a Marie*—represents the fruit of careful study and wide experience in the guidance of religious and lay folk. The first part of the study concerns 'ordinary union' with Mary. And this is no mere matter of the daily recitation of certain prayers in her honour: it is a way of life that colours and shapes everything the Christian does. Part Two deals with mystical union with Our Blessed Lady. The term 'mystical union' is perhaps unfortunate in that it may suggest to some such strange happenings as apparitions, ecstasies and the like. The thoughtful reader, however, will soon discover that the author has in mind no such phenomena. He writes of "that interior action of the Blessed Virgin, beyond complete human comprehension, which permits the person to act like anyone else except that his union with Mary is much more intimate, more loving, and more fruitful." There is room for this volume even in libraries well supplied with volumes on God's Own Mother.

D.C.P.

PARTITION TODAY.

A Northern Viewpoint. By Norman Gibson. 2/-.

P.R.—FOR OR AGAINST.

By a Tuairim Research Group. 1/-.

Two admirable pamphlets. The first deals most soberly with a problem that is all too often surcharged with emotion. The second is thoughtful, completely objective and timely—although before these lines appear in print Ireland will have decided for or against. (*Both TUAIRIM Publications*).

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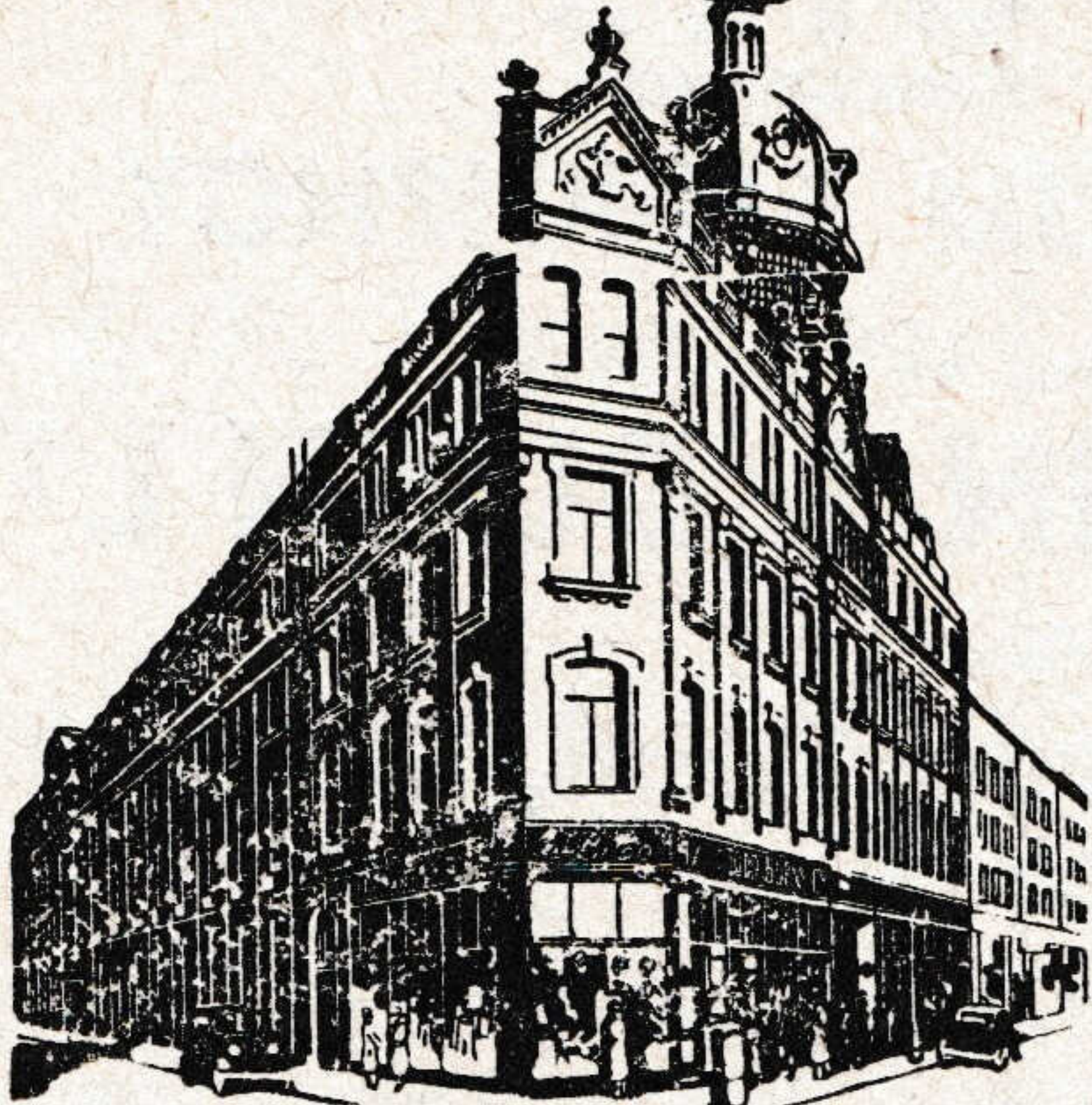
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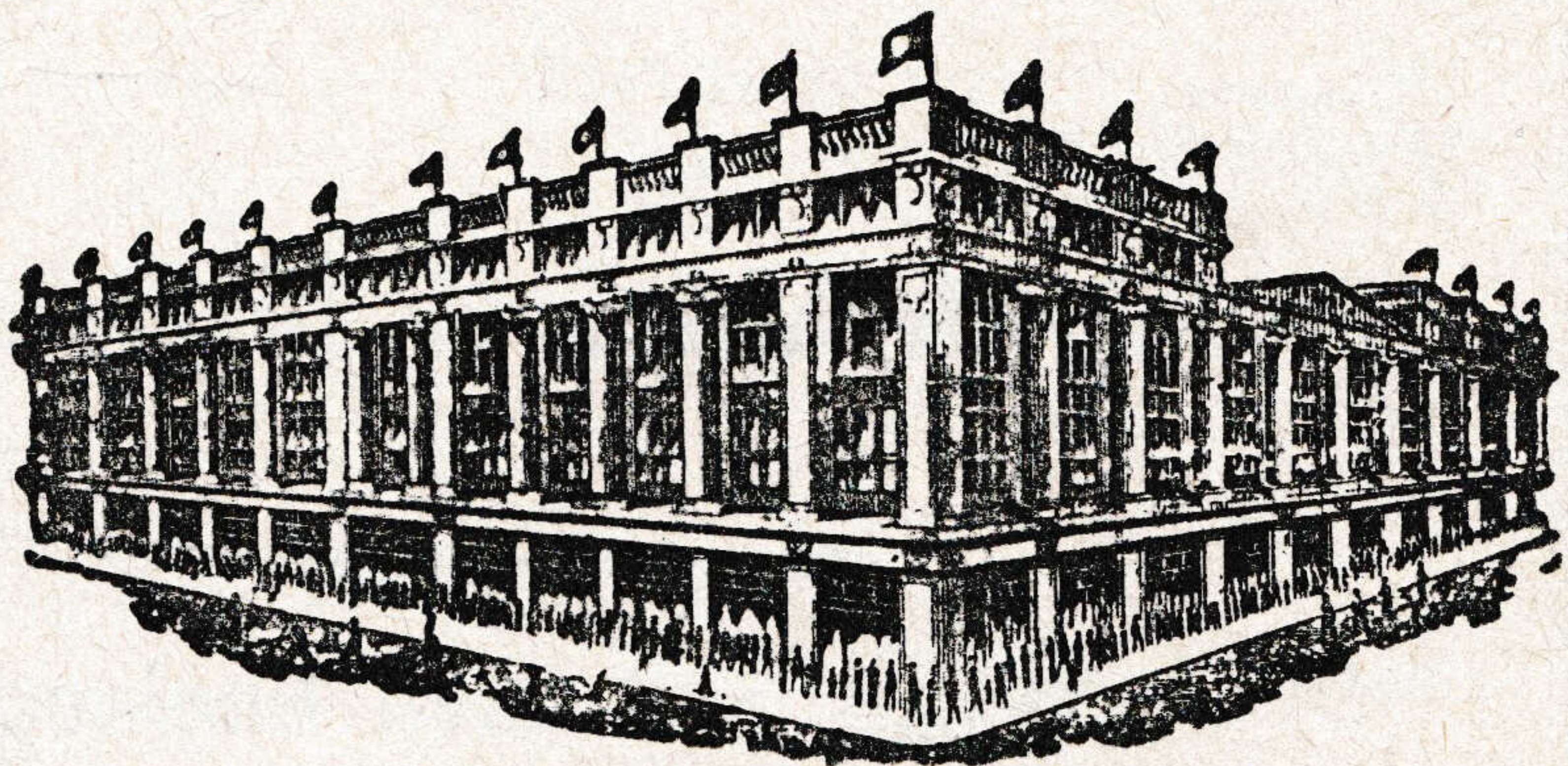
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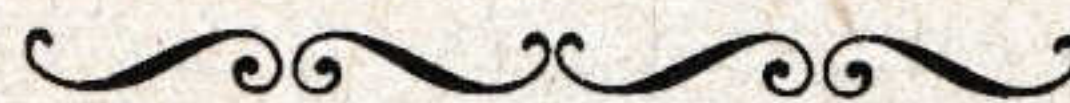
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